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LICEINSD

THE

Irish Hudibras.

LICENS'D,

May the 25th. 1689.

And Enter'd

According to Order.

THE
Irish Hudibras,
OR
Fingallian Prince,

Taken from the
SIXTH BOOK of VIRGIL's *Æneids*,
AND
Adapted to the PRESENT TIMES.

Nimium Vobis Romana Propago. VIRG.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by Richard Baldwin, near the
Black Bull in the Old-Baily, MDCCLXXXIX.

THE
Hill Habits
OR
The Habits of the Hill

Taken from the
Hill Habits of the Hill
AND
Added to the Hill Habits

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AND THE HILL HABITS OF THE HILL
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TO THE
READER.

FOR the better understanding of the English Reader, it will be necessary to explain some Terms and Notions in the following Poem. And, first, for the Title **Fingallian**.

Fingaul, *i.e.* Finis Gallix, *viz.* the Confines, Bounds and Limits of the Gauls in Ireland: It extends from the County of Dublin, and part of Westmeath, by the Sea-Coast; and is called the Englisht Pale, the Ancient Habitation of the Gauls. Not Those supposed by Josephus, the Gomerians or Cimbri; nor Those who were Repressed by Caius Marius, mention'd by Cicero, and Appian Alexandrinus; nor Those Gauls, who spoiled Delphos under Brennus. But the Old English, called Gauls, now Fingallians, to distinguish them from the Native Irish; For Gaul, or Seshony, a Gaul or Saxon, being the Name or Character of an Englishman unto this Day.

This harmless Spot (not Ireland) is Chosen for the Scene of the Comedy, to avoid a National Reflection. Nor will an ingenious Disposition find any occasion of Affront; it being not only Encourag'd, but carry'd on by the best sort of Gentlemen-Natives of the place, when the Foundation of this Shallow-work was first laid; at whose Houses the Author was often entertain'd, to find out their Language, Sports, and Customs. For

To the Reader.

For *Neex*, *Sbela*, *Father Corin*, *Bac-thane*, &c. it is but the natural Transversion of the Latin *Æneas*, *Sybilla*, *Corinæus*, *Misænus*, into Fingallian.

That the young *Princes Æneas*, and *Priamides*, i. e. *Neex*, and *Brpan oge*, should gabble such down-right Fingallian; *Sbela*, and the *Father*, such tolerable English, (besides for the Ease of the Reader,) there are other Reasons to be offer'd; as, that *Sbela* being a Nun, and *Anchyses* a Low-Country Soldier, had both their Education at the English Court, which something Refin'd their Gibberish; yet not so much, but that there is still a Brogue discernable on their Tongue; Words and Bulls dropping out so naturally, as very often betray their Country and Extraction. For *D Ca-roon*, *Guddi Dido*, and my Gossop *Palinure*, they never travell'd, and therefore spoke their own Country-Jargon naturally.

For *Neex*, it was perfect Pride and Contempt of the English-Nation, that made him despise the Language; who was a most intolerable Vapour, till the Bear-skins and Finlanders drove him before Them, and made him skip the Bogs like a Will in the Wisp. Yet for all this, cou'd they not prevent him from making his bitter Invektives; who, besides his Brogue, had, like *Pliny's Fish*, Teeth in his Tongue; wherever it fell, he bit so hard, there was no Armour against the Artillery of his Wit; as you will find him all along, in his Bogland-Witticisms, and sharp Repartees, alias, Bulls and Blunders.

The

To the Reader.

The Story is That of Aeneas his going down into Purgatory, to see his Father ; where you have a Description of the several Limbo's there, the Friends and Acquaintance he met with in his Passage ; his Complements, and learned Discourses with his Father, Palinure, Paris, and Dido his old Paragon ; How, while he was Consulting the Oracle, Macchane, his Piper was kill'd : Where you have a Description of an Irish-Cabbin, Cry, Wake, Burial, &c. The Ancient Nobility, Hero's, and Warriors. The Succession of the Kings, even to the Late Abdication, and the present Accession of His Majesty, King William the Third, to the Imperial Crown of these Kingdoms. And here it is worth observation, to see the Coherence of the Story ; which is as exact in the Original, as if Virgil had Calculated it for That Meridian.

In order to this Adventure, he goes first to Cume, where he picks up Sbela for his Guide.

Cumarum illabitur oris.

Which is rendred Inche-Chume, or Inche-Colm, St. Colom's Island, near Lough-Erin ; where was a Church erected by St. Patrick, through which they descended into St. Patrick's Purgatory.

In Purgatorio Divi Patricii multorum hominum animas ob peccata cruciari Compertum est, unde quam impius sit eorum error qui Purgatorium negant hoc satis est Argumentum. O Sullivan, Tom. 1. Lib. 2.

Notwithstanding these Concurrences, some things will still seem a little Difficult to the English Reader ; which, to him that understands the Dialect, will be

read

To the Reader.

read with more Ease and Satisfaction; yet, by the help of the Comment, and Marginal Notes, it is rendered Intelligible to every Capacity.

Besides the Marginal Notes, it would add a great Satisfaction to the Curious Reader, to cast his Eye now and then upon the Latin, at the end of every Page, mark'd with Alphabetical Letters all along, to direct him from the Translation to the Original.

For Example, the first Line;

Sic fatur lachrymans.

O Bone! O Bone!

This is best understood by him, who knows that word to be an Interjection of Grief.

Finem dedit ore Loquendi.

— And so he brought about
An end of praping bid his Bout.

— Et tala fata —

Conticuit

And so when she had once begun

To end her Speech, she held her Tongue.

To pass by the Names of the Kings and Hero's, the Title of AUGUSTUS, which is an high Encomium, appropriated to his present Majesty KING WILLIAM THE THIRD, is as natural and exact a Character, as if Virgil had design'd it for this present Monarch, England's timely Redeemer, whom Heaven long preserve.

THE

T H E
Irish Hudibras.

(a) **O** *Hone! O Hone!* And so the Bore
Weigh'd Anchor to Infernal Shore;

For on the Earth there was no space,

T' allow the Prince a Baiting-place.

The trembling *Bogs* shook with the weight,

The murm'ring *Floods* bewail'd his flight;

Until pursuing fatal doom,

He strook on Coast of (b) *Inche-Cume*:

*Inche-Colum is
Lough Erin, the
Passage to
St. Patrick's
Purgatory.*

Where having seap'd another Rattle,

He (c) bound his Fleet with Twists of *Wattle*:

(a) *Sic fatum lachrymans Classique immittit habenas.*

(b) *Cumarum illabitur oris.*

(c) *Tum dente tenaci*

Anchora fundabat Naves.

* A With. Obsequious Gad *, that serves instead
Of Cables, Cords, Hemp, Flax, and Thread.
(d) And *Nees* no readier way cou'd think on,

* The Anchor
was a Quern,
or Millstone,
ry'd with a
Gad.

To tye their Noses * to the Grinston :
For *Nees's* Fleet in Ocean wavy,
Were like his Men, a scampering Navy.

Nees's Fleet. That Navy which no Coast can match,
Built without charge of Deck or Hatch ;
Where each whole chested Man of War,
Scorn'd the Adjuncts of Pitch or Tarr :
Nor did a Plank or Bolt appear,
Or Rudder had where-with to steer ;
No Tackling, Rigging, Mast or Sail,
To take th' advantage of a Gale ;
Nor Ballast had below the Hold,
But what was pump't with wooden Bowl :

— (d) *Et littora Curva*
l'ratexunt puppes. —

No Cannons, nor wide-mouth'd Granadoes,
Nees's Fire-balls were boil'd *Pottados* :
Pottados still did serve, instead
Of Peash and Bacon, Beef and Bread : His Magazine.
'Twas all their stock ; for they no more,
Or Ammunition had, or Store.

This was that famous Fleet which *Nees*,
Like Meddars form'd of the whole piece :
Meddar, which is a pretty Knack,
A deep round foursquare wooden Jack ;
An ill-shap'd Trunk of carved Tree,
An uniform Deformity.

The Root their Stools, the Bark their Tables,
The Stock was Ship, and Boughs were Cables ;
Dig'd up with Chissels undermining,
Such as *Westphalians* feed their Swine in :

A drowfie Fleet of sluggish Cots,
Proper to bear such active Sots.

A Trunk of a
Tree cut hol-
low.

The Scotch
had burnt
them.

And *Nees* was glad when he had got 'em
Each Tubb to sit on its own bottom.
No Bark, no Boat was to be found,
Shou'd *Nees* have giv'n a thousand pound ;
Which is the cause old Story tells,
They were a Fleet of Cockle-shells,
Sent from the Lady of *Lorett*,
To waft him o're in spite of Fate.

(e) The *Dear-Joys* rockt in Cor, like Cradle,
Some on an Oar, some on a Paddle,
Leapt to the shore a Crew of Swingers,
Ready almost to eat their Fingers,
For very hunger post away,
Tag-Rag and Long-Tail for his prey ;
Some to the Bogs, some run a madding,
And some unto the Woods a gadding ;

————— (e) *Juvenum manus emicat ardens*
Testa rapit Silvas.

Some

Some with the Flint and Steel assayl,
To fire the Funk upon his Nail ;
Some Houses burn, some burn Tobac.
Some of their Deeds, some Vermin crack ;
Some to the Ale-house run, and throng

To * water Head with † yellow Young ;
And after long and tedious ranging,
By help of Mathematick Engine,

* *Chenuka.*
† *Buye oge.*
To fetch Water in a wooden Can.

A Setting-pole the cunning Rogues
Brought from the Fleet to leap the Bogs ;

(f) *Springs*, happy *Springs*, adorn'd with Sallets,
Which Nature purpos'd for their Palats ;

* *Shamrogs* and *Watergrafs* he shows,
Which was both Meat, and Drink, and Close.

* Three-leav'd-grafs.

(g) But *Nees*, more Zealous than the rest,
Was of St. *Patrick's* Church in quest ;

A Church erected by St. *Patrick*, in *Lough Esh*, through which they descended in St. *Patrick's* Purgatory. *Annals of Ireland.*

(f) *Inventaque flumina monstrat*
(g) *At pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo*
Præsider, horrendaque procul secreta Sybilla
Antrum Immane petit.

Which

Which, if you credit antient Story,
Is the high Road to *Purgatory*.

Scarce had he sneez'd, when he begun
To scrape Acquaintance with a Nun:
Shela, for that's the Name they give her,
For a close *Bawd*, and wicked Liver,

* *Sara*.

† *Ann*.

* Ugly.

Tho' some did call her * *Sau*, some † *Aina*,

Most for her Beauty call'd her * *Gvaina*,

So sly and exquisit a Witch she,

Nature nere form'd so true a *Gypsie*:

For she was skill'd in all their Wisdom,

Cou'd unto any Man read His Doom;

Or hang'd by Sea, or drown'd by Land;

Cou'd do the business to your hand;

And by her skill in *Palmestry*,

Wou'd tell you what should never be:

In Peace or War, when Ruins threaten,

Guess by the Victor, who was beaten:

And

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(b)

(i)

And

And tell by th' parting of the Fray,
Who Kept the Field, who ran away.

This Flibber-gib *Nees* did importune,
That he, forsooth, might know his Fortune ;
Who for a Bribe to bring her Grist,
Cram'd a whole handful in her fist : Lamedurne.

She willing to attend his *Grace*,
Mander'd not long, but in a space
Tuck't up her Drab, through Marshes slabby,
Both posting to St. *Patrick's Abby*.

(b) Now enter they the Boggs, and go
Through golden Roofs of yellow Straw :
From Bog to Wood, each Shrub they pass,
Dropping an *Ave*, and a *Mass*. Ave-Maria;

(i) But when they had approach'd the Door ;
Says *Shela, Nees*, Be sure, be sure,

(b) *7am subeunt Trivia lucas atque aurea tecta.*

(i) *Ventum erat ad Limen.* —————

Thou

Prayers.

Thou have thy *Beads* in readiness,
And all thy *Roguary* confess;

* *Pater-Noster*. Prepare thy * *Padreen*, and thy *Ryme*,
For we are come in *Pudding-time*.

With that to'th' Gate his Grace adventur'd,
Which *Shela*, without knocking, enter'd;
And though they were in *Limbo* pent,
Without a word of Complement,

Irish Cry.

They raise the *Hub-bub-too*, and cry,
(k) Saint *Patrick*, *Patrick*, my Dear Joy!
When strait the Abbess chang'd her hue:
And all her Carrets turn'd to blue;
Her Hair, like finer Hempen-thread,
Stood all an end upon her Head:
So Mad she grew, and so Uncivil,
You'd think her turn'd into a Devil.

————— (k) *Deus ecce Deus. Cui talia fanti*
Anse fores subit, non vultus, non color unus
Non Compla mansere coma.

But

But when the Spirit was more strong
Within the Carcas of the Nun;
She fell on *Nees* like Butter-Whore,
Because poor *Nees* could pray no more.

(l) Dost thou leave off thy *Prayers* and *Beading*?

* *Culleen*, the Devil take thy Breeding.

Ill chance upon't, hast thou no shame?

Go say thy Beads a Devils name.

Well, *Nees*, if thou wilt not give o're

Thy *Irish* Tricks. I'll say no more.

(m) And so when she had once begun

To end her Speech, she held her Tongue.

(n) The *Dear Joys* strait began to quake,

Stinking for, fear did Buttons make;

(l) *Cessas in Vota precesque?*

Tros ait Anea? Cessas?

(m) *Et talia fata Conspicit.*

(n) *Gelidae Tenuis per dura cucurrit*

Ossa tremor.

But

e

But

But *Nees* did (o) pour out his Pray'rs
From the very bottom of his——

Nees's Prayer. Dear Joy, (p) St. Patrick, wil dou hear
Dee own Cheeld *Nees* make his Pray-ere,
Dat never did, or I'm a Teef,
So much before in all mee Leef.

Dear Joy, who sees our woful Case,
Will dou sit still upon dee *Ars*,
And see dese Dutch and English Rogues
Strip off our * Trousers, and our † Brogues :
Possess our * Crates, and dy poor Cheeld *Nees*,
And * Culleens flee, like flocks of Wild-gees.
De Devil take me, now I swear
(Dear Gossop) by mee own Mak-keer

* Breeches.

† Shoes.

* Cabbin, or

Irish Hut.

* Bore.

——— (o) *Fuditque preces Rex pectore ab imo.*
(p) *Placbe graves Trojæ semper miserate labores.*

Nee

Nees vill (if (q) he no better speed)

Make hang upon himself indeed.

What though of * Ready nere a plack, * Mony.

Tet many a plugg of good Toback

It cost me to come (r) to dis Port ;

And not a Turd de better for't :

Tcome like fool, ygo vidout

My skeal, vid finger in my mout ;

Since I have seen dy own sweet Face,

I know doul't never be so base.

Derefore God blefs it, Oh ! * Padeen, * Patrick.

Vill don take a little for de Queen ?

My Dear, my Joy, my † Cram-ma-cree, † Dear Heart.

I'll make much Prayer upon dee ;

(s) And all de rest * ycosbere here * Lodge.

It's now full teem to give Quar-seer.

(q) Hac Trojana tenuis fuerit fortuna secuta.

(r) Et tandem Itallia fugientis prendimus oras,

(s) Vos quoque dardania jam fasest parcere g.mi

Diique deaque omnes.

(t) And also dee, my prescious Nun,
 Tknows what never is to come ;
 Grant dat I may but live at home,
 And (fate) is Nees but ask his own ;
 To be my stay in my own Nation,
 Without Exile or Transplantation :
 To be restord without Reprisal,
 Or Court of * Clamper to try Title ;
 Lest Innocence being question'd,
 Poor Nees shou'd chance to be postpond ;
 Or come in Rere of Dutch Debenturers,
 Or be kickt out by French Adventurers.
 If we ben't mortgag'd for a Summ,
 And there's for Nees in Ireland room ;
 In peace to hold my few A-ceers,
 And Images of my Fa-deers :

* Court of
Claims.

Acres.

(t) Tuque O sanctissima Vates
 Prescia Venturi da, non Indebita posco
 Regna meis fatis.

An

And had I but one Cow, I tell dee,
In all the World, vidout my Belly,
I'de give it fait, vid all my heart,
T'njoy my Land, or any part;

My * Banniclabber and Pottados,
Without these French and Dutch Granados.

* Butter-milk,

(u) And by my Gossops hand, I fate,
I vill an Abby Dedicate

To my Dear Joy, vidout no words,
As big as Monastery of † Swords;

† Town of
Swords in
Fingal.

And to dy name make * Holy-day,
When all de Monaghans shall play:

* St. Patrick's
Day, the 17th
of March, the
Patron Day of
Ireland.

Ordain a Statute to be Drunk,

And burn Tobacco free as * Spunk;

† Tinder.

And (fat shall never be forgot)

In Usquebah, St. Patrick's Pot;

(u) Festosque dies de nomine Phœbi.

To

To last for never in our Nation,
On pain of Excommunication :

(w) And unto dee, my precious Whore,
A place to hang up dy Pic-ture.

Much Grace upon dee ugly fask,

Where ev'ry one shall say a Mass;

Where dy Mi-ra-cles shall be sung,

By very ting dat has no tongue.

Only I pray dee now, my Dear,

* Noise. Let not dy Ars make a * Clam-peer ;

Lest vid a Fart don blow it from me,

And put de great Moccage upon me.

Nor let de Vind dy Notes profane,

* Song. But sing dyself de sweet * Cro-naan,

(x) And so at length he brought about.

An end of praying with his Mour.

(w) Te quoque magna manent Regnis penetralia nostris.

(x) Finem dedit ore Loquendi.

(y) This

(y) This while the Nun to th' * Coge did fall, * *Usquebagh*.
 And there she drank the Devil and all;
 Spewing and pissing as she stood,
 To throw him out in height of Flood:
 The more she strove to thrust him out,
 The more he fir'd her Hide about:
 So hard he prest, and did so tofs her,
 That she had hardly time to cross her;
 Till in these words the Fiend at once
 Did ope her hundred-folded Sconce:

(z) Oh *Nees*! poor *Nees*! tho' it's not untrue,
 That thou hast many Gantlets run through
 By Water; there are still on Land
 Far greater Perils, by this hand.
Wars! Wars! ah, bloody *Wars* I find it;

(y) *At Phœbi nondum pariens immanis in antro
 Baccatur Vates.*

(z) *O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis,
 Sed terra graviora Manent, Bella! horrida Bella!*

(s) But

* The River
runs through
Dublin.

Two Rivers.

* Them.

(a) But hang it (Brother) never mind it:
Thou wilt (but wish thou'dst never) come
To thy own Country, House, and Home.
The * *Liffy* shall be chang'd to Blood,
Besmear'd With Gore, instead of Mud :

So shall the *Brackney*, and the *Shanon*;
Nor shall great *Scornberg's* Tents want Cannon.
Thy flying Hosts *Dutch*-Troops shall rack 'em,
With Thousand *English* Braves to back 'em :
(b) Till thou disarm'd, and brought so poor,
Art forc'd to beg from Door to Door.

(c) And all this mischief, on my Life,
Again through an Imperious *Wife*; *James. R.*
And foreign Priests, a Pox take * 'ame,
For which poor *Nees* must bear the blame.

———— (a) *Adiste hanc de pectore curam.*

———— (b) *Cum tu supplex in rebus egenis.*

(c) *Causa mali tanti conjux,* ————

(d) But

(d) But

(d) But since thou'rt custom'd to be beat;
 Be'nt basely Cow'd for one Defeat;
 Nor turn, like Coward, Tail upon't,
 But march up bolder to the Front:
 Humble the Whiggs in *London-derry*,
 The Forlet *Scot* beyond the *Ferry*:
 From *Edinburrow* cross the *Tweed*,
 And make the Heart of *Europe* bleed;
 As long as Fortune does not frown;
 And Great *Nassau* (who guards the Crown)
 With *Scomberg*, let our Troops alone;
Nees may be sure the Day's his own:
 But one thing more I must declare,
 Thou little dreams of, in this War:
 The first Relief that's hither blown,
 Shall come from *Brest*, or *Dunkirk-Town*;

(d) *Tunc cede malis sed contra audentior ito,
 Qua tua te fortuna sinet.*

D

With

With an *Armado*, which shall bring
 With them an *Abdicated King*; *King James*
 Who to retrieve his sudden Fall,
 In hopes of Winning, shall Lose all;
 Three Kingdoms quit, to set up *Mass*,
 And Cronicle himself an ———
 Shall *Monsieur* above *Nees* advance,
 And *Ireland* Intail to *France*.

* Butler
 a Skeal.

(e) * Pox on dy Tail (says *Nees*) I tro;

Well vas dy vont for doing so;

* Despair.

* *Spercen*, and an ill *Chance* upon it,

I tought no better vould come on it;

Too vell I knew, by what's not past,

'Twould come unto dis pass at last.

But since no Balsom for this Wound

*Is left for *Nees* above de ground,*

—— (e) *Non ulla Laborum*

O Virgo nova mi facies inopinave surgit

Omnia percepi. ———

(f) *One*

(f) One Courtesie I must demand,
 Since here's de Passage to dat Land;
 And here is Nees beg dy Par-doon,
 Dat I choos dee for my Gar-soon;
 Dat I may pass de black Va-teer,
 Once more to see my old Fa-deer; *Linga Galla 2*

* Good rest his Shoul, and Body too, * God.

Is ly vidin de ground below.

O Hone! fait many a time, I swear,

(g) Vas carry it on dis Shoul-deer.

If dou believe me, fat I say,

My Bones yfeel it to dis day;

And fate, when he was after dee,

Vas give it charge to come to see:

(f) Unum oro —————

Ire ad conspectum Chari genitoris.

(g) Illum ego per flammam & mille sequantia Tela

Aripui his humeris. —————

*Deulmore And I meeself * great Eye have still,
 Criticism,
 Great Eye, To make performish upon his Will.
 great desire.

(b) Now for de Son, and de Fa-der,
 Conduct me to de black Va-teer.

(i) For dou can dqt, for fait don wou'd not
 Be a right Nun, if dou understood not
 De next and ready way to Hell,
 You Women know dat way too vell ;
 For I would try, if dat dere be
 In Hell for Nees a Vacancy ;
 Since Soldering vill do no grace,
 To try to get an Evidaunsh-Place :
 And I deserve dat favour sure,
 As vell as Dermot o Con-noor,

———(b) Natique, Patrisque
 Alma pregor. Miserere.

———(i) Potes namque omnia, nec te
 Nequicquam Lucis Fleccare profecit Avernus.

If * Rory, to his Nations praise,

* Roger,

Out-swore de Devil to his face ;

(k) If Teague and Shone Pollure cou'd Swear,

Each in his turn, for his Bro-deer ;

Why shou'd not I set up a School,

As well as any other Fool ?

For I can Swear with Bryan Hains,

O Farrell, or a Brace of Pains.

What should I talk of (l) O Theseen,

O Sheil, or Eustace o Com-meen :

(m) And fait, I tink, I am as good

A Man, as none of all dat Brood.

(n) Thus said ; the Abbess thus begun,

(o) Nees, thou art thy own Father's Son ;

(k) Si Fratrem Pollux.

(l) Quid Thesea magnum.

(m) Et mi genus ab Jove summo.

(n) Tunc sic orsa loqui Vates.

(o) Sate sanguine Divum.

If

* I

* *Teague Mac Lany*, his
Grand-father
a Butcher, yet
descended
from the Fa-
mily of the
Kings; whose
Genealogy is
as follows.
Nees or Nees,
Mac Ancees,
Mac Cova,
Mac Conigal,
Mac Murear-
tagh,
Mac Loughlin,
Mac Rory,
Mac Dermot,
Mac Turlogh,
Mac Tool,
Mac Deul.

* I knew thy Father well, that bore thee,

And thy own Son and Heir before thee :

Thy Father was a good Man, true ;

And, faith, so was thy Mother too.

But hear a little what I say,

(p) The Gate lies open night and day :

To go's, as plain as A, B, C ;

But Back's all the Concavity.

The Way thou easily may'st find,

But thou'lt return when th' Devil's blind.

Ubboo ! (says Nees) if dat be all,

I'll go, or it shall cost a fall :

It's de Deel's Luck, and if it prove

Worse dere dan it has done above :

For a long Journey he must strain

Too far, who ne'er returns again.

Ne'er Venture, never Vin; well, well,

Shela, I am resolv'd for Hell.

——— (p) *Facilis Descensus Averni.*

Nay

Nay, Vench, it is decreed, I must,

And let the Devil do his worst.

If e'er dou catch me (which I scorn)

I'th' Pound, den put me in de Corn.

(q) Nay, Bird, if thou art so hot set,

To throw thy self into the Net ;

So mad (said she) to visit Hell,

And cannot see when thou art well :

If thou'dst be damn'd before thy day,

Take a Fool's Counsel first, I say.

Within a Wood, near to this place,

There grows a Bunch of Three-leav'd-grass,

Call'd by the * Boglanders, Shamroques,

* Clowns.

A Present for the Queen of † Shoges ;

† Spirits.

Which thou must first be after-fetching ;

But all the Cunning's in the Catching.

(q) *Quod si tantus amor menti. Latet arbore opacâ
Aurens & foliis & lenta Vinnæ Ramus.*

For

For if it please the Gods thy Journey,
 'Twill come with ease, and not stubborn be;
 Else all the World will not be able
 To pull it up with a Rope-Cable.

(r) But *Nees*, while thou art mitching here,
 Thou little dreams of thy Pi-peer.
 One of thy Crew is gone before thee,
 To found a Charge in Purgatory.
 Go Bury him, the Mourners Feast,
 And give a * Black Sheep to the Priest;
 While thou art Feasting with thy Men,
 Thou may'st come hither back agen.

* *Spologue.*

* *Shoes.*

Thus said, the Prince pull'd off his * *Brogues*
 And trudg'd along with his Comrogues;
 Sore troubled, thinking whose was his Chance
 To fall to this unlucky Mischance.

(r) *Præterea jacet exanimus tibi corpus amici—
 Sedib. s. hunc refer ante suis, & conde sepulchro.
 Dnc nigras pecudes.*

(s) Man

(s) Many a strange Conjecture they
 Do harbour, while they'r on the Way;
 One thinking one thing, and the other
 Feeding his Maggot with another.
 Last, in great Rage (says Nees,) My Friend,
Vill our Trou-bles ne'er have an end?
*Fait dis is a sad Skeal! * Arroom!* * Joy.
 Saint Patrick Joy! *fat's de rea-soon:*
Some Devil sure is in the Weend,
Or else indeed Saint Patrick's bleend:
*Or is a * Cosbering, I dare bet;* * Gossiping.
Ill Chaunce upon't, more Anger yet!
 Thus discontented march'd poor Nees,
 Still blaming unkind Destinies:
 Then crys, A Fox upon the Quean,
 Who, who the Devil she shou'd mean.
 At length, within a Mile or two,
 They heard the Irish Hub bub-boo;

(s) *Mulus inter sese vario sermone ferebat.*

E

Did

Macshane
kill'd.

Did tear the Woods, and rend the Skies,
With doleful Echo's of their Cries.

(*t*) But when unto the *Strand* they came,
Who shou'd they find, but poor *Mac-shane* ;

(*u*) Kill'd basely by a sneezing Harper,
Because his Pipes were shrill and sharper.
Tho' some, were present at his parting,
Affirm it rather was for Farting.

When with *O Triton* he'd compare,
To Sound as good a Point-of-War.

Who for his *Ave's* and his *Beads*,
When he was dead, did leave three Heads
Of Cattel unto Father * *Rory*,

* Roger.

To pray him out of *Purgatory*.

Then put they up the *Ulster-Shout*,
When poor *Macshane* was stretched out ;

(*t*) *Atque illi Misenum in littore sicco,
Ut venere vident.*

(*u*) *Indigna morte peremptum.*

(*w*) *Macshane*

(w) *Macshane*, as dead as any Sheep,
 The best that ever blow'd in Peep :
 A great Comrogue he was to *Hector*,
 And top't off many a Coge of Nectar :
 That us'd to go about for Masters,
 Sometimes for Drink, sometimes for Plasters :
 Of Musick-errant, 'tis the fate
 Sometimes, to have a broken Pate.
 Had he but liv'd that Life till now,
 He had been dead seven years ago.
 He dead, struck up with Gen'ral *Nees*,
 As good a Fellow, by this Cheese,
 In all his Bouts of Aale and Peer,
 And serv'd in place of his Pi-peer,
 At * *Coushers*, Wakes ; cou'd play † *Mageen*, * Gossiping.
 Whip off * *Dunboyn*, and Dance a *Myeen* ; † Margery.

(w) *Misenum* *Æoliden*, quo non prastantior alter,
Ære cieæ viros, martemque accendere cantu.

† Towns in
Fingaul.

And Danc † *Balraddery*. I that he
Cou'd play † *Portlaughrin*, and † *Bunratty*;

* Song.

And * *Macklemone*, so sweet, O dear, it
Wou'd do a dead Cat good to hear it.

* Farter.

Until this whiffing * *Tuffo-geer*
Must Challeng lofty Trumpit-teer;
And did before O *Triton* Fart,
For which he run him through the Heart,
That fatal unexpected Stab,
For poor *Macshane* did do his Job.
As soon as *Mac* his Blood did spy,
He cou'd not for his Life but die.

(y) And therefore every one did weep,
To see poor *Mac* so fast a-sleep.

But chiefly *Nees*: Ho! *Hub-bub-booo!*

Poor Nees, and all his Men may rue

(x) *Sed dum forte cava, dum personat aquora concha,
Demens, & cantu vocat in Certamina Triton.
Inter saxa virum spumosa immerfit in undâ.*

(y) *Erga omnes magno circum clamore fremebant,
Iracipue pius Aneas,*—————

De day dat don vas dy! * Arroon!

* Joy.

Fat made it go away so soon,

And leave dy Lands behind? I tro,

Ill vas dy vont for doing so;

To make a dy, and leave dy Plains,

Dy Cows, dy Sheep, and dy * Garrains.

* Horses.

O Hone! Dear-Joy! Is poor Macshane

Vill never blow de Peep again.

O Hone! Macshane! Hub-bub-bub-boo!

Il-lil-lil-lil-lil-lil-lil-loo!

(z) But seeing such a mighty throng

Of Trees, bethought him of the Nun.

Dear-Joy, if this * Shamrogue shou'd prove

* Three-leav'd-grass.

By chance to grow in this same Grove;

Shou'd Nees so luckily succeed,

'I would be Luck in a Bag indeed.

And fait, fy mayn't it prove so too?

All is not false dat she says true.

(z) *Err in antiquam Silvam.*

(a) Scarce

(a) Scarce had he spake these words, when strait
A Brace of *Ducks* appear'd in sight.

The Prince, as soon as he beheld
His Mothers Brood, he quickly smel'd
A Rat, by th' Feather in the Nose,
And knew them by their Scarlet Hose :
Which was a piece of Yellow Woollen,
To know them from their Neighbours Pullen ;
Stitch'd with an artificial Peg,
Like blue Saffoons about the Leg.

(b) *Nees*, joyful at the sight, did pray
His Mother's *Ducks* to lead the way ;
In Grove so pester'd, that poor *Nees*
Cou'd not see Wood for throng of Trees ;
So waddled after them as close
As he cou'd follow for his Nose.

(a) *Vix ea fatus erat gemina cum forte Columba
Ipsa sub ore viri.*

(b) *Tum maximus Heroes
Maternas agnoscit aves.*

Thus

Thus hotly they pursu'd the Scent,
Crambing their Gorges as they went;
Until they cropt the very Weed,
Where every day they us'd to feed.

Nees, when the Shamrog he did spy,
Cries out, *I have it in my Eye,*

(c) *Is vid me fait.* And so he run
To bring the Present to the Nun.

(d) Mean while the Rout to work do fall,
To Celebrate the Funeral.

Form of an
Irish Funeral.

And first with Turff from Bog, and Blocks,
They made a Fire wou'd roast an Oxe.

Some lay the Pipkins on, and some
With Holy-water bathe his Bum.

There was the Priest forgiving Sins,
Bustle as Hen with two Chick-eens,

(c) *Corripit extemplo Aeneas* —————
————— *Et vatis portat subiecta Sybilla.*

(d) *Nec minus interea Misenum in Littore Tenucri*
Flebant. —————

Nointing

'Nointing his Forehead, and his Nose,
And downwards to his Petticoes ;
After the Method of his Function,
With Holy Oyl of Extreme Uñction.

Which Office decently perform'd,
The Guests, with Usquebagh well warm'd,

Description of
an *Irish* Cab-
bin.

(e) They raise the Cry. And so they fout him
Unto a Crate, to howl about him ;
Built without either Brick or Stone,
Or Couples to lay Roof upon :
With Wattlets unto Wattles ty'd,
(Fixt in the ground on either side)
Did like a shaded Arbour show,
With Seats of Sods, and Roof of Straw.
The Floor beneath with Rushes laid, stead
of Tapestry ; no Bed nor Bedstead ;

(e) *Fit Gemitus. Tum membra Toro desleta reponunt.*

No Posts, nor Bolts, nor Hinges in door,
No Chimney, Kitchin, Hall, or Windor;
But narrow Dormants stopt with Hay
All night, and open in the day.
On either side there was a door
Extent from Roof unto the floor,
Which they, like Hedg-hogs, stop with Straw,
Or open, as the Wind does blow :
And tho they reach from top to floor,
His Grace crept in upon all-four.
Betwixt the door there was a spot
I' th' middle, to hang o're the pot ;
And had an Engine in the nick,
For pair of Tongues, a * broken stick.
I' th' presence was no stool, but one
Old Creel, for *Nees* to sit upon :
For all the rest, as they did come,
Made Stools and Cushions of their Bum.

* *Waddas*
built.

F

(f) In

(f) In this so rich and stately Cabbin,
 To lie in state came this Sea-Crab in,
 Dy'd for the nonce in liquid Sable,
 And laid him underneath the Table ;
 Where in one end the parted Brother
 Was laid to rest, the Cows in t' other,
 With all his Followers and Kin,
 Who far and near came crowding in ,
 With *Hub-bub boos*, besides what Cryers
 For greater state his Highness hires ;
 Who all come crowding in ; and in comes
Monk Corin too, with all his Trinkums ;
 Who when he had his Office paid,
 And for the Dead a while had pray'd,
 To their own Sports, (the *Masses* ended,)
 The Mourners now are recommended.

(f) *More Parentum.*

Some

Some for their pastime count their Beads, An Irish
Wake.

Some scratch their Breech, some louse their
Heads ;

Some sit and chat, some laugh, some weep ;

Some sing *Cromans* *, and some do sleep ; * Songs.

Some pray, and with their prayers mix curses ;

Some Vermin pick, and some pick Purfes ;

Some court, some scold, some blow, some puff,

Some take Tobacco, some take Snuff ;

Some play the Trump, some trot the Hay,

Some at *Macham* †, some *Noddy* play ;

† A Game at
Cards.

With all the Games they can devise ;

And (when occasion serves 'em) Cries.

Thus did they mix their grief and sorrow,

Yesterday bury'd, kill'd to morrow ;

And (g) mounted him upon a Beer ;

Through which the Wattles did appear ;

(g) *Pars ingenti subiere Pharetro.*

F 2

Like

Like Ribbs on either side made fast,
 * Blanket. With a * White Velvet over-cast :
 So poor *Macshane*, Good rost his Shoul,
 Was after put him in a hole ;
 In which, with many figs and scritchies,
 They throw his Trouses and his Breeches ;
 And tatter'd Brogue was after throw,
 With a new heel-piece on the toe ;
 And Stockins Fine as *Friez* to feel,
 Worn out with praying at the heel ;
 And in his mouth, 'gainst he took Wherry,
 * Bun-guol. Dropt a * white Groat to pay the Ferry.
 Thus did they make this last hard shift,
 To furnish him for a dead lift.

|| Fopperies
 and Trumpe-
 ries,

Last having done his *Ave Mary's*,
 And all his *Drollans* || and Boldaries,

The

The Priest, Father (b) O Corin, gi's'em
His Blessing too ; calls for the Besom,
Which dipt in Salt and Holy Water,
He does their Coxcombs all bespatter ;
And while they for the Blessing fickle,
Did leave them all in sacred pickle.

(i) The Prince, as yet not half content,
Did build a larger Monument ;
O're which he carv'd about the middle
The Bagpipes Rampant on a Fiddle.
So fare thee well, since thou art gone ;

* The loss of Two is less than One.

* SlooSkral
donna no
Dees.

(k) And so unto the Nun he packs on,
To put in suit his former Action.

(b) *Offaque lecta cado textit Corineus abeno.
Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda.*

(i) *At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
Imposuit, suaq; arma viro——*

(k) *His actis proprie exequitur secreta Sybillæ.*

Here

Here first the Prince, who lov'd good cheer,
And *Shela* make a sad mur-deer

A *Fingallian*,
or *Ulster*
Feast.

On Pigs, and Geese, and Hogs, and Styes,
To offer up a Sacrifice.

(1) Four milk black Sheep, ta'n from the Fold,
And Yearlings three or four year old,

With Hide and Horns, and Guts and all,

Thrust on a Tree, and roasted whole;

* Skeins.
or Knives.

Which, with their *Durgins* and *Mudoges**,

They cut upon their greasie Brogues

For Trenchers, and did wipe their Brushes

With Napkins wove of Shags and Rulhes.

* Gossiping.

Betwixt this *Eosber*, * and the Nun,

The night was spent, and day begun :

As when a Turf does blaze and burn,

So Sprightly did the morning turn,

(1) *Quatuor hic primum nigrantes terga Juvencos*
Constitit—

From

From a successive Black to White,
Like a new burnt Tobacco-pipe.

Where scarce had they their *Mattins* don,
When an Enchantment struck the Nun
With sudden *Meagrim* ; and *Nees* feigns
H' had got a *Gamsboge* * in his Brains ;

* Game or Sport.

(*m*) Where all the Wolves, and Barking Crew
Of Dogs, put up the *Hub-bub-boo* ;
Which scar'd the Prince, until the Nun,
More valiant, made them hold their tongue.

(*n*) Get out, I say, of this same Lake, you,
You wicked wretches , or I'll make you :
Out, out, you Cuckold's Currs ; what, Pox !
Are we a Company for Shocks ?

(*o*) Now *Nees*, if thou to brave thy Fate,
Has but the Soul of a dead Cat,

—(*m*) *Viseque Canes ululare per umbram.*

—(*n*) *Procul, O procul este profani.*

(*o*) *Imque invade viam, vaginaque erripe ferrum.*

Now,

Now, now look big, and cock thy Beard :

St. *Colom* ! Is the Prince afear'd ?

Draw, draw thy *Madog*, says the Elf,

And now or never shew thy self :

Now is the word, *Nees*, *Now or Never* ;

And do it *Now*, 'tis done for *Ever*.

Now prove thy self a Man or Mouse,

Or all our Do's not worth a Louse.

(p) So, mad to go they knew not whither,

They shot the *Stygian* Gulph together ;

She first, and *Nees* did overtake her

Before his Highness could come at her.

But here the Nun, before she leads

Him further, falls unto her Beads ;

For she had still (the subtle Fiend,)

Her Prayers upon her fingers end,

(p) *Tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto.*
Ille ducem timidus vadentem passibus aequat,

Or

Or hanging round her Waste, like Locket,
Which now at last return'd to pocket.

And so when she had done her Graces,
Her *Cofras*, *Oras*, and her *Masses*,
Her *Aves*, Beads, and all the Ce-
Remonies of the *Tenebræ*;

(q) And invocated every Spirit,
That in those Regions did inherit;

And all the Saints from great 1 *St. Patrick*,
2 *Kenny*, and 3 *Queran*, and 4 *Beatricks*,
5 *Congal*, and 6 *Colom*, 7 *Bohineogè*,
8 *Mauchey*, and 9 *Maule*, and 10 *Mauchevoge*,
11 *Shincheal*, and 12 *Shinkan*, and 13 *O Suan*,
14 *Brandon of Byrr*, and 15 *Colm O Cronan*,

The Ceremonies
in entering St. Pa-
trick's Purgatory.
Gerraldus Cam-
brensis, and Hol-
lingshed's Descrip-
tion of Ireland.

1 The Patron of
Ireland.
2 Founder of
Kilkenny.
3 Queran of
Clonmacnoise.
4 St. Finnia Bea-
tricks of Clonard.
5 Congal of Be-
anor.
6 St. Colm of
Lough Erin,
7 Bohineoge, Cou-
fin German to
Colm-Ruil.
8 Of Lismore.
9 Sancta Maule.
10 Of Lismore.

11 Of Killachy. 12 St. Shinkan, Son of great St. Colm. 13 Sancta Suana. 14 Brandon of Byrr, in the County of Tipperary, a very Eminent Saint; He was taken up into Heaven in a fiery Chariot. Eusebius apud O Sullivan. 15 Colm O Cronan.

(q) *Dii quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræq; silentes,*
Et Chaos, & Phlegison——

G

And

Or

16 *Colm O Kill*,
who was Cousin
to *Colm O Cronan*,
both Eminent
Saints.

17 An ancient
Saint, whose Life
is written by
Adrian O Mal-
conry.

18 *Gillarnoo*,
Blanc Conemacht,
a Saint, and great
Historian, much
recorded in the
Irish Legends.

And 16 *Colomkill*, and 17 *Phelimback*,

And 18 *Gillarnoo*, and all the pack ;

She ceas'd : Nor was there to be found,

Either above or under ground,

In all the Registry, not one

That she forgot to call upon,

To guide her, and her pretty Page,

In Subterranean Pilgrimage.

And thus equipt, they take their Flight,

Without a Link, in a dark Night ;

Both fumbling in the dark together,

Tho neither knew which way, nor whither ;

Groaping the Air with * Bat, and paws,

So dark, they cou'd not feel their Nose.

Now He, now sometimes She did follow ;

And sometimes they were forc'd to hollow.

(r) But

(r) But when they had approach'd the door,
They're in worse pickle than before :

There was the *Hub-bub-boo*, and rack
Of *Dear Joys*, a disbanded pack :

Sorrow and Tears, Hunger and Cold,
And Sleep and Death, beneath the Hold ;

Discord and Priest-Adultery,

And Fear, and Care, and Jealousie ;

And every Cheater and Impostor,
With Thief and *Tory* there did foster.

(f) About the middle grew a Tree,
A Nest of Lies and Forgery :

Romances and Old Womans Story

Fill'd the first Page of *Purgatory* ;

And Miracles of Priest and Monk

Do in this Pound lye all defunct.

Hic primus
Campus est
Cruciatuum.
O'sullivan
de Purgatorio
Divi Patricii.

Nihilominus
non parvi ma-
nes in aulla
manserunt
qui me inde
Raperunt.
Vici Comes
apud *O'sulle-*
ranum.

Secundus
Campus Cru-
ciatuum.

(r) *Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus orci
Luctus & ultrices posuere cubilia Curae.*

(f) *In medio Ramos, &c.*

(t) Legends and Reliques, Simonies,
 False Witnesses and Perjuries;
 Vain Promises of Catholics,
 Oblig'd to break with Hereticks,
 All Arbitrary close Intrigues
 Of Monarch, and illegal Leagues.
 Indulgence and Equivocation,
 Penance, and Mental Reservation.
 And here was cramb'd, among the Skulls,
 Infallibility and Bulls.
 With other Wonders here did *Nees*
 Spy; *Entities, Heccieties,*
Rationis Ens; and there did lie
Universale à parte Rei.
Teague over-reach'd by the *Monsieur,*
 With *Vout tres humble Serviteur.*

(t) *Quem sedem somnia vulgo*
Vana Tenere ferunt. —
Gorgones, Harpiæ,

(u) And

(u) And bloody War will ne're have its end,
Enough to put them to their Wits end.

Here *Nees*, poor *Nees*, half scar'd to death,
Forc'd Bilbo from unwilling sheath;
And with a sort of Desperation,
(The Courage of that War-like Nation,)

(w) Fell foul upon the Shades, and dashes
Their Brains with unresist'd flashes.

Here had not *Shela* held the Squire,
Warning the Spirits to retire,
And made 'em vanish great and small,
No doubt he wou'd have kill'd 'em all:
For he did curse and damn, he wou'd

Be * *frapping of 'em while he stood.*

* Beating.

(x) A Hut there was, fenc'd with a Wood,
Trench'd with a Mote, and pav'd with Mud ;

Pœnarum fluvius.

—(u) *Mortiferumq, adverso in limine Bellum.*

(w) *Corripit hic subito tepidus formidine ferrum,
Et ni docta comes*——

(x) *Hinc via Tartarea*——

Where

Where lodg'd in State the Ferry-Groom,
Mac-Murreartagh (y) O *Cha-roon*;

An *Irish Kern*. Like *Woodkern* drest in Yellow Stuff,

And Trousers made of Blanket proof;

A *Satyr's* Beard; and on his Head

* Cap. He wore a *Stolopt* read * *Barrede*;

† Hair. His † *Glibbs* hung down like Tails of Rats,

|| Eyes. His || Goggles flam'd like Eyes of Cats:

* Crisped *Bushes* of (z) Where there was neither * *Crisp* nor *Curl*,

Hair, worn by the Wild *Irish* The very But-end of a Churl!

over their (a) His Mantle made of Blew Scar-leer,

Foreheads, to deface them. Which reach'd almost unto his Feet,

Spencer of the State of *Ire-*

land.

He with a Wattle Twift had ty'd,

With Knot from Shoulder unto Side:

About his well-set Legs he drew

Stockins, a pair of *Mazareen-Blue*,

(y) *Terribili squalore Charon.*

—(z) *Stant lumina flammæ.*

(a) *Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependit amictus.*

Turn
To fl
A Di
And
For
And
(b)
All C
Both
All G
(c) V
As fw
Othe
In Sw
As th
Expe

(b)
(c)

Turn'd in-side out, a shift in need,
To stop the Holes on t'other * sheed ; * Side.
A Dish-clout round his Neck was hung,
And wore his *Brogue* upon his Tongue :
For Tongue a *Brogue* supply'd the Strain ;
And yet he had more Tongue than Brain.

(b) And in this manner he transported
All Customers that there resorted ;
Both Rogues, and Thieves, and VVhores, and
Jades ;

All sort of Devils, except Trades.

(c) VVhere you might see the Spirits fly
As swift as Atoms in the Sky :

Others, to gain the Banks do strive,
In Swarms, like Bees about an Hive ;
As thick as Hops they crowd and hover,
Expecting who shall first get over.

Teague "a
Trade ! *Ubb*
bub-bub
boo.

(b) *Ipse ratem conto subigit*———

(c) *Quam multæ glomerantur aves.*

But

* Pole.

But he, the Churlish Cur, to ease
 Their hearts, will do but what he please :
 Some he takes in, and some he knocks
 VVith his * *Goadeen* from off the Rocks.
 VVhat strugling there was there? O Lord, Sir!
 VVhat work was there to be a Boord Sir?

(d) *Nees* at the Clatter making wonder,
 VVas mad the Business to stand under;
 And catching her by the Plac-kete,
 Says, (*My Dear Joy*) *fat's de Rac-kete*,
 Or *fat a Devil* here ado's?
Is Hell indeed ybroke it loos?
How comes it thus, says he, *about*,
Some are took in, and some thrust out?
Some hop upon de Water, and
Some swim on Ditches, and dry Land?

(d) *Æneas miratus enim motusque tumultu*
Dic (ait O Virgo) quid vult concursus ad amnem,
Quidve petunt animæ? —

(e) *Nees*

(e) *Nees* (she replies), my Duck and Dear-
ing,

Cast a Sheeps Eye upon * *Lough Erin*,

Whose Flouds to a Whetstone turn a Block-
head :

And judg hereby if I do mock it.

Those Souls you see, are dead ; *Car-roon*,

That owns the Ferry, is the Loon ;

Those that to be transported strive,

Have bury'd been dead or alive :

But for the rest, that want a Burial,

*Dolorum
Campus.*

May wander here till they are weary all,

And fast a Thousand *Lents*, before he

Can have the Grace of *Purgatory*.

While he was gazing round about,

Wh' a Pox shou'd drop into his Mout,

(e) *Olli sic breviter. Portitor ille Charon
Hi quos voluit unda sepulti*——

H

But

But old Sir *Loughlin Lucas*, who ran
 From *Portsmouth-Bay*, with *Derby Oram*,
 When the sad storm did fall upon 'em,
 And one of the two both did drown 'em.

Forty gay Officers beside,
 Lost with the Ship for want of Guide.

Here *Nees* was in a horrid pain,
 To know Sir *Loughlin's* Christen'd Name;

And whisper'd *Shela* in the Ee,
 Who swore she knew no more than he.

(f) With these was *Palinure*, the Swabber,
 Drown'd in a Sea of *Bann-e-clabber*.

Nees, in a maze, cry'd, *Palinure*,
 Dear Joy; and art thou dead for sure?

Fat Devil vast took dee from me?
 Had I no Rogue to loose but dee?

(f) *Ecce Gubernator sese Palinurus agebat.*
 ——— *Quis te Palinure Deorum*
Eripuit nobis? —

And be dis is a sorry Skeak.

Not fo, Nees, but de || bleend (g) * Pad-dele, || Blind.
Rudder.

On sudden *was be overbore me,*

And made me throw my Face before me.

But by dis Flood, and Fate and Trote,

And by de pleasant Hill of * Hote,

* The Hill of
Hot in Fin-
gaul.

My Care when dou was on dat shelf,

Vas more for dee, den for my self;

Left all alone to guide de Cot,

For fear dy self thou'd go to pot.

Three Irish Nights in Cold and Frost,

Upon de * Curtlaughs I vas toft,

* Water-
Weeds.

Till making to a little flash,

Expecting there a Landing Placce,

A Crew of English, Dutchland Knaves,

Vas break my Face in two three halves,

(g) *Namque Gubernaculum multa vi forte Revulsam
Præcipitans traxi mecum.*—

H 2

And

* Syche.

And vid a *Monmouth* * Symi-teer,
 Vas cut my Head from my Shouldeer :
 Which I indeed of Death in speet,
 Bore through de vater in my Teet.
 Riding full post when I was dead,

* In Fingaul.

To *Dublin-Bay* from * *Malabeed*,
 And now de Head and *Carcas* bleed,
 Ten times kill'd over since indeed.
 Derefore (Dear Joy) to have no Grave,
 Is all de favour dat I crave ;
 To do so much for a poor Soul,
 (b) To throw my *Carcas* in a hole ;
 For *Nees* (say he), if thou vill meend it,
 Amongst the *Curtlaghs* dou vill feend it ;
 Where it does lye in safe Cust-ody,
 No flesh alive, but the dead Body.

(b) *Eripe me his invicte malis, aut tu mihi Terram
 Injice*—

(i) And

(i) And, dear Joy Vench, for Nets's sake,
Help me to trot the Donny-Lake;
Dat my poor Soul may prick his Ears,
And rest in peace with my Fa-deers.

How, *Palinure*, (reply'd the Scold)
'Twixt me and * Good, thou art too bold:

* God,

Wou'dst thou pretend to be a Spirit,
And go to Hell e're thou art bury'd?

No, no; do not mistake thy self,

The Devil is no such silly Elf.

But I will tell thee for thy Comfort,

Wee'll search thy Carcass out in some Port:

If it from th' * Snigs we can retrieve,

* Eels.

Or Crows han't bury'd thee aleeve;

(k) And raise a Tomb shall still endure

The Name of honest * *Palinure*.

* Now Killimure, within five miles of Dublin.

(i) *Aut tu*—

*Da Dextram misero & tecum me tolle per undas
Sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.*

(k) *Æternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.*

(l) Thus

And

(l) Thus being appeas'd, they move their
Station

Towards the Confines of *Purgation*.

The Ferry-man, that kept the Port,

Perceiving such a strange Resort,

Of Monsters, making t'wards the *Strand*,

Cry'd out in War-like manner, Stand:

Who, who comes dat? Stand, who comes
dat?

Or vid my Pike I'll fire dy Pate.

(m) Believe me, ho, who ere appears,

Thus armed to 'sault our Quar-teers;

You shall not pass, until I know

A Reason why you shall or no.

Therefore to shun a farther ill,

Stand off, I say, at your per-ill:

(l) *Ergo iter incaptum peragunt*—

(m) *Quisquis es Armatus qui nostra ad limina tendis,
Fare age quid venias jam nunc & comprime gressum.*

This place is for a legless Crew,
And not such o're-grown Calves as you :
Nor can our Wherry bear such Lobbies ;
I deal with Shadows, not such Boobies.

(n) Nor truly did they fare so well,
The *Tories* that came last to Hell,
O *Sheil*, *Mac Teage*, and *Owen Roe*,
Tho they were Gentlemen, you know :
And sure you cannot choofe but hear
What hurly-burly they made there ;
How they were like to beat the Porter ;
Broke up the Doors to take free Quarter :
And then, forsooth, 'tis in our Hist'ries,
Nothing wou'd serve 'em but my Mistress ;
Rummag'd the Buttery, and the Spence,
And ravish'd the poor Kitchen-wench.

They were
Irish-men.

(n) *Nec vero Alcides*—

The

The *Tories* plaid the Devil i' th' shape,
 Of Plunder, Burglary, and Rape :
 To save the House was all our fears,
 From being fir'd about our Ears.

(o) Hold, hold ! My Ears thou'rt after
 grateing ;

I prithee (Dear Joy) peace thy prating,
 Says *Shela* ; dost thou think that we
 To go to Hell need Policy ?

(p) But honest *Nees*, well-known for leading
 An Army off, and eke for Beading,
 Only to see his Sire, his Highness
 Comes out of meer stark Love and Kindness,
 To get disarm'd off all his Glory,
 A Colonel's place in *Purgatory*.

(o) *Nullæ sic insidiæ tales absiste moveri.*
Nec vim Feta ferunt.

(p) *Troius Æneas pietate insignis & Armis*
Ad genitorem——

(g) If all those Charms cannot prevail,
I'll shew thee yet a better Tail;
A Tail it is, contains such matter,
Wou'd make thy very Teeth to water:
Dost thou see this? Thou simple Ass,
Dost think I come without my Pass?
So pulling out her Three-leav'd Blossom,
Which lay as close as Louse in Bosom,
Crys out, Do you see this, you damn'd Rogue?
He crost himself to see the Shamrogue;
Turn'd up his Whites, but cou'd not vent
One word, for very wonderment.

*Vill dou see dis? Vere are dy Ears?
Do's tink dat Lees have no Beg-geers?
And now no Tanks unto your Brogue-a,
Ve vill go o're vid dis Shamroge-a.*

(g) *Si te nulla movet tanta pietatis imago
At Ramum hunc, aperitque Ramum quæ veste latebat.*

Ill Smell upon dee, and dy Pink,
 Dou art a Guddinghang, I tink,
 Reply'd the *Kern*; and being pleas'd
 To see the Branch, his Fury ceas'd:
 As fast as he cou'd drive, took Paddle,
 And clapt his Bum into the Saddle.
 To serve the Prince, and make the Nun-room,
 He lath'd the Hould, and clear'd the Gun-room.
 (r) *Nees* over-grown with Calves and
 Chins,
 And Guts as heavy as his sins,
 No sooner stept upon the Hatches,
 But every Plank and Cable retches;
 And had not *Shela* us'd a Spell,
 He had gone ne're t' have crack't the Shell,
 Throw which the Water strain'd did flow,
 As fast as Milk through wisp of straw.

(r) *Genuit sub ponder: Cymba.*

(/) Thus having past the *Stygian* Flood,
He landed them upon the Mud;
Half bury'd, half in water drown'd,
Dawbing and wallowing in *Lobb's Pound*;
Through Woods and Boggs, each step, poor
Nees

Above the Calf, and She her Knees :
Bare-legg'd, bare-footed, and bare-thigh'd,
The Nymph made many a graceful stride.

Her Coats about her Waste tuck't high,
Her Smock advanc'd above her Thigh ;

*A Fingallian
Woman.*

Her Gown of finest Scarlet *Freez*,
With Puddle-dirt above her Knees ;

Sultana like, on *Water-Tabb*,

Instead of Lace, some call a Drabb :

Her Smock *Sultana'd* with the same,

Fit to array so spruce a Dame ;

(/) *Tandem trans fluvium incolumes*——

Hanging in Plates so thick and wide,
Nees cou'd between, a Gallop ride ;
A Ready Artificial Mode,
To stride more easie on the Road,
Or sit at home at naked Rock,
And do her Business in her Smock.
To lug her Child out of the Water,
(As he before had done his Father)
She carries him upon her back ;
If he a Dram o'th' Bottle lack,
Cou'd should'ring throw her Breasts behind,
To suck as oft as he had 'mind :
A Charity not rarely done ;
For there they suck at Forty One.
Her Waste as slender as her Cows,
With a White Kerchief on her Brows ;
Her brawny Calves, and Splay-foot bare,
Her Thighs like moving-Pillars were ;

And

And with an equal distance wide ;
So natural 'twas for her to stride.
About her Ears her golden Main
Hung down, like Pack-thread dy'd in Grain ;
Her Stockins twisted like an Harflet,
She wore about her Neck for Bracelet ;
And as *Antipodes*, the Jade,
Carry'd her Brogues upon her head :
Their naked Trunks they thus expose,
To save th' expence of Shooes and Hose.
A penitential Voyage, and fory,
They make to come to *Purgatory*.

Here did that Monster first appear,
That threefold headed Dog, (t) *Cer-beer* ;
Stretch'd in the door, set up the howl,
A Leash of Wolves were in his Jowl ;

(t) *Cerberus hic ingens latranti Regna trifauci*
Personat —————

Until the Witch to get to Hell,
 Had cramb'd him with enchanted Spell.
 So being soop't with *Ufquebagh*,
 He went to sleep, They on their way ;
 And enter (if you'l credit Story)
 The Magick Gates of *Purgatory*.

(u) The first place where the Ghosts did
 haunt 'em,

Limbus Infan-
tum.

The Ancients call'd, *Limbus Infantum*.
 Here they beheld a numerous Train
 Of Orphans in the Wars were slain ;
 Some mounted upon Pikes, and some
 Torn from the dying Mothers Womb ;
 With Embrio's, and prodigious Throngs
 Of Infants got by Priests and Nuns,

(u) *Continuo auditæ voces, vigitus & ingens,
 Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.
 — Ab ubere raptor.*

In Abbies, and in Monastries,
And murder'd by the Votaries,
To cloak a Venial Sin; to whom
A Pit, or Privy was their Tomb ;
The Issue of the Bed defil'd,
Honora's Bastard, * *Alfoon's* Child.

* *Alice.*

And here did *Nees* spy his poor Soldiers,
Thrust in a hole by head and shoulders ;
Where they behind left both their Ears,
For running from the K—'s Cool-leers:
Some run the Gantlet in the Fields,
Others with Gads ty'd Neck and Heels:
Some mounted on the Wooden-Horse ;
And some with Hemp were mounted worse.

Nor does this thing by Chance succeed,
But as by th' Judges it is decreed :
For by a Court of *Clamper*, 'een
As it is this day in *Dub-leen* ;

The Seat of
Four Courts
in *Dublin*,
call'd *Hell*.

I say,

I say, a Court of *Clamper* held
 In *Hell* it self; they are compell'd
 All to appear at the next Sessions,
 And there to make their true Confessions;
 Where Father *Mine* gives Absolution;
 Or else they're sent to Execution:
 For every one, amongst the Spirits,
 Takes place according to his Merits.

Limbus Amatorum.

(w) In the next *Limbo* he discovers
 A desperate Troop of whining Lovers;
 Who in their Melancholly Fits,
 For Madness, run out of their Wits.

(x) Amongst this Train he spy'd the Widow,
 His Old Acquaintance, Guddy *Dido*,

(w) *Proxima deinde tenent Mæsti loca qui sibi Lethum
 In fontes peperere manu, Luccaque perosi
 Projecere animas*———

(x) *Inter Quas Phœnissa recens à vulnere Dido.*

That

That pin'd to Death, (the fawning Strap)
Some say for Love, some of a Clap ;
When from her *Nees* turn'd Helm a Larbour,
To Anchor in false *Jen*—'s Harbour.
Nees gliding at her through the Shade,
Cast a Calve's Eye from a Sheep's Head :
If I han't lost my little Senses,
Sure, sure, says Nees, dis my old Vench is.

(*γ*) But when he drew more nigh her Quarters,
And knew her by her Straw-twist Garters,
Up to her face he boldly went,
And thus he made his Complement :
(*z*) *Dear Dido ! dou unlucky Jade,*
Ill chaunce upon dee, art dou dead ?
Take little sneezing for de King.
But she reply'd, and said No-ting ;

(*γ*) *Quam Troius Heros*——

Ut primum agnovit.

(*z*) *Infelix Dido*——

K

Mind-

Minding no more his senseless Babling,

* In Fingaul. Than if she were a Rock of * Mablin.

Sure, sure, says Nees, she does but jest,

Dis of de Natures not the Beast;

Pre-dee came here, my pretty Rogue,

† Kifs. *And give me de one little † Page,*

For Old Acquaintance; for it's dee,

Dat is my only Cram-ma-cree.

(a) *I pre-dee now, my dear Joy, stay;*

Vat Devil make it run away?

She cannot hold one Touch, but itching,

Is after be, to run a Bitching.

Shall never pass so vid her Bears;

Nees has not seen dese Tousand years.

Let's sit, and smoke a Peep for pastime;

(b) *Aparting Kifs: Dis is de last Time.*

(a) *Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahere nostro.*

(b) *Extremum fato quod te alloquar hoc est.*

Kifs

Kiss me! phooo! Fart upon dee, Nees,
 Dou may as rader Kiss my Breech.
 And now I know dee for a Rogue,
 I scorn dee as Dirt of my Brogue.
 Belching an Oyfter in her Fist,
 I care not dis for all dy grift.
 So fled as nimble as the Wind,
 (Bidding the Prince to kiss behind,)
 To Sichy, the old Cuckold nigh,
 Where she to Filth had other fry.
 (c) Thus bawk'd, they march from *Lovers Pound*, Limbus Armato-
 rium.
 Until they came to *Champion Ground*;
 Where they did camp with Sword and Shield,
 That lost their Lives in bloody Field;
 Their Heads cut in Three halves, ere they
 Cou'd have the time to run away.

(c) *Inde datum molitur iter, Jamque Arva tenebant
 Ultima, quæ Bello clari secreta fremebant.
 Hic illi occurrit Tydeus—*

K 2

Here

Here *Nees* met *Tedy*, and *Macarty*,
Scot, *Dempfy*, and *Scolloge na Party*,
O Connor Bourk, and *Oven Medon*,
Mackillacud, and *Poul O Padon*,
 And his *Comrogues*, so lately broken,
 Sent for the Devil to a Token :
 In Rank and File they all drew out,
 On every hand, to view the Lout.
 (d) Nor is't enough they saw his Grace ;
 Like Sots, but they must stand to gaze ;
 Crowding about him all to hear,
 And learn what News in *Shamrogbeer*.
 They curst the *Flemmings*, and the *French*,
 But highly prais'd his Excellence,
 His Zeal and Conduct, (when the day
 Was lost, his Wit) to run away.

(d) *Nec vidisse semel satis est, juvat usque morari.*—

His

His Back no sooner turn'd, i'th' pl'ce

But they abus'd him to his Face.

But the poor *Danes*, and *Red-Shank* Rogues,

As soon as they beheld his Brogues,

And bloody *Bionet* draw near,

Their * *Conny-holes* did stink for fear :

Some run away, and some did throng

To speak, but cou'd not find a Tongue :

For they resolv'd on't, they said,

No-ting to say, when they were dead.

So muzzled in enchanted Noose,

They cou'd not to a Bo, say Goose.

In Recompence of which dumb Show,

All they cou'd have from *Nees*, was *Ooo-gh*.

And now not thinking more than I am,

Who shou'd he see, but young (e) O || *Priam*.

* Caves under ground. They were the ancient habitation of the *Danes*, visible in many parts of *Ireland* to this day.

(e) *Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora.*

|| *Priam*. *Fingallian*, *Bryan*, or *O Bryan*, descended from *Heber*, the White ancient Kings of *Munster*.

So

So Clapperclaw'd, you'd think his Grace
 Had got an Ear-mark in his Face:
 His Face was broken in three halves,
 Patch'd o're with Plasters, and with Salves.
 Besides, his (f) Ears were cut, and Locks,
 And (g) Nôse was eaten by the Pox.
 So simply look't poor *Priam* oge,
 So pepper'd was the *Donny Shoge*,
 That *Nees*, (for all his Cunning Pate)
 Cou'd scarce discern his Fellow-mate;
 But when he view'd his Couch of Straw,
 And found he was the Man he saw,
 He clapt his hands; but first he crost him,
 And thus he after did accost him:

Dear Bryan oge, and is it you?

Pox take you, Broder, How do you do?

*Ora, Manusque ambas, populataque tempora. (f) Raptis
 Auribus. (g) Et truncas in bono vulnere nares.*

What,

*What, Hell-Beast, art thou yet alive?
Blood of the Kings! How dost thou thrive?
My Shole and Be, I am as Joy
To see dee, as a Cob, my Boy.
Joy, wilt thou take a litile Snuff,
For King and Queen? Joy, take enough:
Or if don'd rather smoak a Peep
For de young Prince. Art thou asleep?
With that he hit him such a Thump,
As struck him flat upon his Rump,
In point of Courtesie; and so
Desired of his Grace to know,
(b) What Devil brought him to that Meen,
To make him look so Shaggereen?
Vat Traitor was be so disloyal,
To Coventry, the Blood of Royal?*

*(b) Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?
Quis tandem de te licuit?*

(i) Vat

(i) *Vat Guddihang durst be so bold?*
And fate and be, my self was told,
Ven dou was after being dead,
Vas make me break my heart in Deed;
 (k) *Den did poor Nees upon de Green,*
Put up for dee a dead Cof-seen,
Vid Flags, and Scutcheons in a Crate,
Built for de Prince to lye in State :
 (l) *Tbrice did I raise the Hull-lil-loo!*
To save dee Shoule, but 'twon'd not do :
 (m) *For, fate, and be, my own Bro-deer,*
Altho I writ dee a Let-teer,
Ven dou was dead, and turn'd to dust,
(My own heart too vid sorrow burst)
One word in Answer did not come, Son,
Or a Green-Sod had been thy Tombstone.

—————(i) *Mibi fama suprema*

Noctetuli ————— (k) *Tunc egomet Tumulum.* —————

—————(l) *Et magna manes ter voce vocavi.*

—————(m) *Te amice nequivi Conspicere.*

(n) God

(n) God blefs thee, *Nees*, faid he; much Grace
And Goodnefs light on that fweet Face :

My dear Joy, thou haft don me all

The Honour of a Funeral.

But 'tis my *Irish* Luck indeed ;

Lacene, the Witch that made me bleed,

(And forc'd me in this Pound to waver)

Thefe are the Tokens of her Favour.

When the *Dutch*-Horse leapt o're the Wall,

And made the Fort one Funeral ;

When wake, we found the Town a burning,

And all our Throats cut in the Morning.

(e) But prethee *Nees*, in fober fadnefs, -

What Dee'l poffeft thee with this Madnefs ;

That thou fhould'ft leave thy ftout Brigades,

Thy *Bannaclab*, and thy *Pottades*,

(n) *Atque hic Priamides.*—

(o) *Sed te qui vivum casus age fare Vicissim*

Attulerint, An quæ te fortuna fatigat

Ut trifter sine luce domos loca turbida adires ?

L

Thy

* A Three
Corner'd Oat-
Cake.

Thy Cows, thy Sheep, and thy *Garrans* ;
Thy *Slimbred*, and thy good* *Stow-ans* ;
Thy Woods and Bogs, and thy fat Soil,
In Darkness here to tofs and toil ;

*Pænarum fer-
nox.*

In such a *Malapert* as this is,
Where all our Fare is empty Dishes.
What shou'd the Prince do here among us,
Where's neither *Brandy*, nor *Mundongus* ?
All at Board-Wages, hard enough,
Three-pence a Week to buy us Snuff :
And, Faith, when we are paid together,
We do not get that Three-pence neither.

(p) In this, and in such *Nonsense*, they
Did blunder out the live-long day ;
Till Night began to light her Matches,
Putting on Vizard, and Black-patches ;

(p) *Hac vice Sermonum.* —

Sed comes admonuit breviterque effatus Sybil'a est.
Nox ruit Ænæa, nos flendo ducimus horas ?

And

And from a Goddess to a Witch, She
 Turn'd in a Trice as black as *Gypsie* ;
 When she to rate 'em thus begun,
 What, Sirrahs! will you ne're have done ?
 'Sdeath ! have I nothing else to do,
 But sit all day to stand to you ?
 Full time it is we should be trudging,
 E're it be dark to seek a Lodging.
 Are we come here, says she, to sleep ?
 (Laughing to see the Mawkins weep)
 No, *Nees*, this *Irish* Melancholly
 Will never do ; forbear thy Folly :
 Or we may lose our selves in new ways :
 (q) (For there was here a Cross of Two ways)
 But how to go the right way home,
Nees knew no more than Pope of *Rome* ;
 But *Shela*, who was read full well
 In all the Cavities of Hell,

(q) *Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in Ambas.*

Taking the Prince about the middle,
The Mystery did soon unriddle.

(r) That on the Right, says she, before thee,
Is the high Road to *Purgatory*;
That on the Left's the beaten Road
Unto the Devils Chief abroad;
Which out of Favour he intends,
And keeps it for his better Friends.
You know it, (Sir) march on, I pray;
You *Goodman Two Brogues*, that's your way.

(s) Nay, do not rage, reply'd the Prince;
Have but a little patience,
And if my Company's uneasy,
I'm vanish'd in a Trice, to please ye.
I go, I go, to fill the number
Of those that never sleep nor slumber;

(r) *Dextera que Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit.*

Hæc iter Elysium nobis : At leva malorum.

(s) *Deiphobus Contra, ne sævi magna sacerdos.*

Discedam——

Confin'd

Confin'd into a little Cot,
Where there is neither Pipe nor Pot:
No Two Pence Ord'nary is here,
As much as Frumaty-Cel-leer :
Nay, not as much has Bryan oge,
To put in's head, as one Shamroge.

(t) *Vell, vell, said Nees, vat can be cur'd,*

Poor Bryan *must not be endur'd :*

So clapping * *Pig-Tail* in his Fift,

* A Plug of
Tobacco.

They parting cry'd, and crying, kift.

(u) *Nees, gaping round about him, spies*

Under the ground an Edifice,

Surrounded with a Tripple Moat,

Where Ducks and Geese cou'd walk a-float ;

And with impregnable *Bastoons,*

And *Counterscarps,* and *Demiloons ;*

(t) *I decus, I nostrum. ———*

Tantum effatus & in verbo vestigia torfit.

(u) *Respicit Æneas subito, & sub rupe sinistra*

Mœnia lata videt triplini circumdata muro.

Where

Where they had planted *Asbes* tall,
 To stop the growing of the Wall:
 Of all appear'd above the ground,
 Not half a Foot was to be found,
 But Mud, and Sods, a Bridge to pass,
 And that was cover'd o're with Grass:
 (w) A Gate there was of wondrous scope,
 On Wooden Bolts did shut and ope,
 To let in People as they throng,
 And keep 'em in when they were gone;
 Rough-cast with yellow Lime and Mortar,
 Where lay asleep the watchful Porter;
 A very fit and proper House, Sir,
 For such a worthy Guest to *Cosher*.

Nees weary grown, and loth to budge,
 Took up his Quarters in the Lodg;
 Swearing he cou'd not part, not for his
 Own Leef, till he got* *Dough a Dorris*.

† Door Cup.

(w) *Porta adversa ingens*—

With

With that the Porter brought 'em out
A Meddar flopt with a clean Clout;
Which tho 'twas reckon'd but a small one,
Contain'd Three halves of a whole Gallon.
Come Wench (says Nees), Dram of the Bottle ;
With that, soak't off a whole half Pottle:
She pledg'd him half, more modest, and he
With Butter qualify'd the Brandy.

(x) Scarce had they drank, when they were *Secundum Cam-*
fear'd *pus, Dolorum.*

With Horror, which the Frolick marr'd :
For here they heard such *Hull-lil-loo's*,
Such Scrietches, and such *Hub-bub-boo's*,
With Iron Bolts each loaded Stamper,
Ratling of Chains, and such a Clamper,
Put *Nees* into such Panick Fears,
His Brains were funk into his Ears :

Hinc sui du-
ctus in alium
Campum mise-
ria doloribusque
Fuueftiffimum
Vice comes a-
pud Ofullevan

(x) *Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & seua sonari*
Verbera, tum stridor ferri, traclaue catene.

The

The little Remnant Nurse with Mout,
 Had left from sucking through his Snout ;
 Which way of draining, does appear,
 Makes Wit so scarce in *Shamrogesbire*.

(y) *Nees*, shaking like an *Aspin* Leaf,
 Under her Coats flown for Relief,
 Crys, *My Dear Joy*, *vat's here de heat?*
Shela, *vat's mean dis sad Rack-ete*,
Dat, *dat we cannot for de noise*,
Ve cannot for 'em hear our Eyes?

(z) In Parables, mysterious Nun,
 T' inform his Highness thus begun ;
 Altho the Prince her Learn'd Discourse,
 No more stood under than his Horse ;
 Sometimes said, I, and sometimes No,
 When neither, salv'd it up with *Ooo-gh*.

(y) *Constitit Æneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.*

(z) *Tum vates sic orsa loqui.* —————

(a) Oh!

(a) Oh ! Thou great *Prince* of Sheep and Cattel,
That never yet turn'd Face to Battel ;
To run you thro' the *Stygian Histories*,
There's very few discern these *Mysteries* :
Yet for the Grace I have with *Joaney*,
Queen of the † *Shoges*, and my one *Croney*, ‡ *Spirit*;
I know as much (*Nees*) as another,
But dare not tell't, were it my Brother :
Yet if thou'rt curious to know,
I'll strain a Point : *Nees* answer'd, Ooo-gh.

I must not do't, and yet, said she,
Tho we are Sworn to Secrecy ;
I'll tell it, *Nees*, tho I should hang :
Was not *Anchees*, that † *Guddibang*, ‡ *Fit for no-*
My own *Gof-sope*, and thy own Mother, *thing but the*
Did stand with me to twenty other ? *Gallows.*

(a) *Dux inclyte Teuſtrum.*

N

Hold,

Hold, hold, a little Joy, says Nees,

Dere's yet a Crimsho on de Lees;

Ere you begin, drink off your Ale;

*Sherrie
Dough no
Sical.*

For Drink is shorter den your Tale.

With that about went wodden Meddar,

Till both were Drunk and slept together

*† Blankis or
Covering.*

Under a † Plad, which did extend

Cross the long Hall, from end to end:

On Litter lay'd, like Horse at Manger,

Which serv'd for Family and Stranger.

This was their Fate in Purgatory,

But you, says Nees, forget your Story.

Rouze up; Before we go abroad,

I'll tell it Nees upon the Road.

In such Discourse they march along,

Then to her Tale she turn'd her Tongue.

(b) The

(b) The *Guddihang*, that ruleth all
 The Roast in Hell, is call'd *Old Noll*.
Mac Rhadamanth, a furious Devil,
 Severe Revenger of all Evil:
 Tho some Nick-name him † *Old Scollogue*; † *Old Rogue*.
 Others do call him † *Rokkin-oge*. † *Young*.
 (c) He is the Prince of all this Province,
 Abbot of the Infernal Covents;
 If he but catch you in his Nabb,
 Will make thy Dock squirt *Bannaclab*; † *Sower Milk*.
 For every slip will lay † a *Wolt*, † *A Stroke*.
 And strong † *Mus-tard* for every fault; † *A Cudgel*,
 For all thy Roguery and Tricks,
 And play the Devil on two Sticks.

I wou'd not be in his *Condition*,
 That dares call *Penance*, *Superstition*;

(b) *Gnossius hac Rhadamanthus habet Durissima Regna*
Castigatque auditque dolos.——

——(c) *Subigitque fateri.*

N 2

Keeps

Keeps *Sundays*, and Revileth *Maß-days*,
 Eats Fish on Feasts, or Flesh on *Fast-days*;
 Of *Saints* and *Images* speak slightly,
 Fears not the *Priest* more than th' *Almighty* :
 Who *Merit* flights, nor hopes *Salvation*,
 In Works of *Superarrogation*.

These are Offences High and Menial ;
 But all the rest, said she, are Venial,
 And bring no guilt upon a *Nation*,
 As *Murders*, *Plots*, and *Fornication*.

Delorem
puteus.

(d) And now with horrid Noise, which no Pen
 Can e're describe, the Doors did open ;

† A Town in
the heart of
Fingaul,

As if all † *Lusk* and *Cannought* too,
 Were joyn'd in one loud *Hub-bub-boo*.
 See'st thou that Monster with the Tail,

† Fetterd.

That ugly *Monaghan* † *Spanci-all*,

(d) Tum demum horriseno stridentes cardine sacra
 Panduntur portæ. Cernis custodia qualis ?

The
A 111

The worst of all the Devils? Within
Are worse a thousand times than him.

(e) And Hell it self from this same Brink,
Is distant twice as far you'd think:

† As *Phelim Ghe Medlona*, from
The lowest Valley of the † *Croyn*.

(f) Here did the ancient *Danes* Retreat in,
And all the *Giants* make their Seating.

Haco, *Storater*, and *Bastollenon*,
The old *O Ruam*, and *O Collenon*;

Whose Tombstone was (as it is sung)
Three hundred twenty two Foot long.

And there was *Osker*, great *Mac Ofin*,
Who was to great *O Fin* near Cousin:

His Fathers-Brothers-Uncles Bard,
Call'd for that cause, his own Bas-tard.

† Phelinghe
Medona,
The biggest
Hill in Ire-
land.
† A Valley in
Kildares
Whence the
Motto of the
Geraldines,
Crom-a-Boo,
Gigantum
Campus.

(e) *Tum Tartarus ipse.*

(f) *Hic genus antiquum Terre.*

Chastis'd

Chastis'd with Whips, (a woful story,)
 Against *Nassau*, for turning Tory;
 With great (g) *O Salmon*, a sad fight he,
 Who wou'd be *Mac*, and *O Almighty*;
 Insulting o're the petty Rabble,
 Till he was met byth' Cones-table,
 From all his Haughtiness was slur'd,
 And fell at last into a T——
 Even to a Spanlong, from a stride,
 For Fall at last will have a Pride,

And here was that prodigious Tooll,

† The great
Garraganua
 of Ireland—
 So famous in
 the Irish Cro-
 nicles.

That Monstrous Giant, † *Finn Mac-Heuyle*;

Whose Carcass bury'd in the Meadows,

(h) Took up nine Acres of Pottados:

Nees cou'd not find out, shoud he Rake Hell,

And skim the Dee'l, such a Mi-racle.

(g) *Vidi & Crudeles dantem Salmonem pœnas.*

(h) *Cui tota novem per jugera corpus
 Porrigitur.*

(i) What

(i) What shou'd I talk of † Oma Loughlin,
Dermot O † Roirk, † Perish O Coughlin?

That it wou'd grieve thy Guts, I'm sure,
To feel what Penance they endure.

Under their Head there hangs a Skein,
Ready to drop into their Brain;

(k) Over their Nose prepared lies
A sumptuous Banquet of great price.

Pottados, and a Spole of Pork,

Where Nees long'd fore to be at work;

Opsters, and Loysters; A Gam-moon,

And Ham of yellow fat Ba-coon.

And Butter to eat with their Hog,

Was seven years bury'd in a Bog;

Enough for three full second Courses:

And tho' they Stomacks had like Horses,

† A valiant
Conqueror;
He overcame
the Picts.

Vide Cam-
brensem de
rebus Hyber-
nicis.

† Kings of
Connough,
descended
from Heber;
the White Ba-
ron of Fin-
glas.

Lobsters and
Oysters.

(i) *Quid memorem Lepithas &c?*

(k) *Epulaque ante ora parata*
Regisio luxu.

As

As Ravenous as Mountain-Bears,
 They durst not touch it for their Ears.
 Often they labour to Inclose,
 But still fall short, length of their Nose:
 For if they offer but to stir'em,
 There is a Fury ready for'em;

(1) A little Devil, that does watch'em,
 Wou'd claw their Jackets, if she catch'em;
 And always has her Rods in pickle,
 If they presume, their Ribs to tickle:

*And be'tis very hard, said Nees,
 To be so tempted by dis Chees;
 To be invited to de Host,
 And den be beaten by de Rost;
 Now had I as leeve nor a groat,
 I had de † Callagh by de Throat:*

† Hagg:

(1) *Furiarum maxima juxta
 Occupat & manibus prohibet consingere mensas.*

Dat

Dat I might teach her Irish Breeding,

That is good, Hospitable Feeding;

For when *Nees* spy'd the Dishes, he

Had like to have strain'd his Modesty;

Yet he of Manners wou'd make show,

But cou'd not for his Guts tell how.

And was Resolv'd, as a Sol-deer,

To make each place his free Quar-teer;

But scratching of his Head at last,

Found 'twas unluckily a Fast!

For *Nees* of Knowledge had no Lack,

Had in his Guts an Almanack,

Knew by the Motion of the Sun,

When 'twas a Fast, and when 'twas none;

And now (a Fox on all ill Luck,) *Nees*

The Fast in *Nees*'s Stomach stuck;

But being Hungry both, and Dry,

(*For Law has no necessity.*)

Q

And

And since his Hunger could not well
 Digest with Complements in Hell,
 Clapping his Hand on Basket-hilt,
 With fury as he were to Tilt;
 In mighty Rage, swore by that Hook,
 He'd have it, or by Hook or Crook:
 And what shift (think you) made the *Leranter*,
 But slyly to pretend Ignorance;
 For Ignorance the Gods appeases,
 A Sovereign Cure for all Diseases,
 The tender Mother of Devotion,
 Which Project, *Nees*, did put in Motion,
Child, That she would favour her own *Shield*,
 And o're a lame Dog help the *Stile*;
 Who without Priest or Dispensation,
 Salves all with Mental Reservation;
 And this the substance was o'th' Plot,
 To Eat, and then say, he forgot.

Nees

Nees fell on *Ham*; then cry'd, a *Gray*,

Shela (dear *Joy*,) fat day's to daye

And be I do deserve a *Beating*;

For fate, I tink, I'm after *Eating*.

(m) I am undone! *Il-lil-lib-lao!*

I am undone! What shall I do?

Oh *Nees*! Thou art a wicked *Liver*,

I am undone, disgrac'd for ever.

Now for this *Trick*, *Hunger* and *Cold*

Be thy *Reward*, to be so bold;

The *Pope* can't *Abolution* give,

Eat *Flesh* upon *St. Patrick's Eve*!

† *Spereen* upon thy *Fathers Brood*,

And may it never do thee good,

† Be *Death*, without a *Priest*, thy *Doom*,

And no *Dog howl* upon thy *Tomb*.

† *Despair*, all
Luck.

† *Daas gus*
Caggard.

————— (m) *Atque intonat ore* —————

Say on dy Padreeu, till dou Burst,
 De Fox fares better Vhen bee's Curst:
 And now (says he) I see my Fate,
 De Devil take me, if I spare;
 For over Boot, fate over Shoo;
 And so in Earnest he fell too,
 For Chain, upon a Pannier set,
 For all was Fish came to his Net.

Shela, that by this time grew dry,
 With Cursing Nees, and Progeny,
 Spying a whole Churn on the Tilt,
 More then half fill'd with Butter-Milk;
 Got up the † Cunnoge to her Knee,
 And took a Dese for Company;
 But of the Butter would not taste,
 'Cause (as you heard) it was a Fast,

Here Nees to shew that he was free,
 And given to Hospitality,

'Cause

(Cause he one scrape had not left more,) on V

Order'd the Fragments to the Poor. in 2 E. A.

(n) Here lodg'd a pack of envious Brothers, T *Campus Impiorum.*

And Sons of Whores, that beat their Mothers;

With cheating Lawyers, here spy'd Nees, H (6)

Who Rob their Clients of their Fees: word o T

Test-Breakers, and Law-Dispensators, ing 2mo2

And Corporation Regulators; T no 2mo2

Who more unconstant than the Tide, W on T

For Interest, change from Side to Side. 2mo2

A throng, amongst these Temporizers, 2mo2

He finds of Usurers and Misers; requies 2mo2

Who cark and care, to leave it all 2mo2 W

To Fools, to Piss against the Wall. 2mo2 2mo2

Whore-mongers, and old Fornicators 2mo2

Slain in Adultery, and Traytors, 2mo2 2mo2

(n) *Hic quibus invisi fratres dum vita manebat,
Pulsasue parens, & frans innoxia Clienti.
Aut qui divitiis soli incumbere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis.*

Who rush into unlawful Battle, and oil blue O)
 And Steal their Landlords Sheep and Cattle: O
 To make their Penance, here are said, one H (v)
 And get their Pen'worth for their pain. o2 bnA
 (o) It is but needless to Importune, one H diW
 To know the difference of their Fortune; diW
 Some grind the *Quinn*, and never part it; not
 Some hang on Trees, and some are Catted, nA
 The Maids beat Hemp, the Boys twist Gads, W
 Some High-way Rogues, and some Dog-Pads;
 Snuff-Stealers, Geese, and Hen-roost divers; A
 Sheep-Nappers; some, and some Hog-Drivers, H
 Where each one had, as they did try 'em, of W
 Their Sentence suited to their Crime, doo To T
 Some Burnt i'th' Hand, and some serv'd worse,
 For Stealing Mother of the Horse. A oi nial2

Penarum
vallis &
Rota,

A Marc.

(b) *Ne quare doceri*
Quam penam.

The

The Rebels, Tories, and such Rogues,
That Dy'd untimely in their Brigues,
In Hell are ty'd up from their Mear,
No bit to Drink, nor drop to Eat.

That silly Rogue, for hopes of Gain,
Burnt a Cravat of Point Larrain,
Because his Lady made a brace
Of Cobbs, by burning Silver Lace.
That Mawkin there hangs by the Head,
For picking Paint off Ginger-bread;
And lies expos'd to Wind and Weather,
Extracting Gold from Gilded Leather.
This on the Pill'ry lost his Breath,
With Eggs and Turnips ston'd to Death.
That Guddihang lost both his Ears,
Penance for Gutting the Oyst'ers:

This Fool his Letter Six-pence cost,
To save the charge of Penny-Post.

This

This dropt his Candles in the Mire,
 And after dry'd 'em at the Fire;
 And many suffer in these Pounds,
 For passing Half-pence for Half-Crowns;
 Where *Thesy* sits, the saddest Soul

† *Drank.* That ever † *yelps* in Wooden Bowl,
 Crying (in sort of scornful Laughter,)
 Learn better Manners, then, hereafter,
 (p) I'll teach you *Managhans* to tell,
 And know St. Patrick from *Tan Bell*,
 (q) That Lawless Prince, a Captive lies,
 (Ready for spite, to eat his Eyes)
 Did sell our Country for a Spell,
 And now makes Penance for't in Hell;
 He broke our Heads, and for a Paister,
 Did place upon us a harsh Master.

(p) *Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.*

(q) *Vendidit hic Auro Patriam, dominumque potentem
 Imposuit, fixis leges pretio, atque Refixit.*

One Tyrant brought into disgrace,
 And put a Greater in his place. *L. James*
 He by a sinister Intreague,
 Did, with his Country, sell poor Teague
 Eternal Slave to the *Monsieur*, *L. of France*
 As he had lost Two Farms before.
 Made Laws, and Vows, and Promises,
 And broke 'em all, to break poor Nees.
 (r) That Fornicator Teague O Raughter,
 Did Trip a Dance with his own Daughter,
 And joynd his Giblets, against all
 The Laws Ecclesiastical.
 (s) But if I had a Thousand † Brogues, † Tongues,
 I could not Name thee all the Rogues;
 Nor beat into thy addle Brains,
 Their various Punishments and Pains.

(r) *Hic Thalamum in vasis Nona*

(s) *Non mihi si lingua Censum.*

P

(r) Thus

(*t*) Thus said the *Nun*, when she no more
 Cou'd find to say, she then gave o're;
 Exhorting *Nees* to rise his sitting,
 Observe his hits, and mind his knitting;
 And stir his Lazy Stumps apace,
 To give the Present to her Grace.

Nees by this time (the Board made clean,)

† *Kaife*. Began to buckle on his † skein;
 And ready to attend the Nun,

† *Grace Cup*. Took † *Dough an Olt*, and so trudg'd on.

(*u*) Thus gorg'd, they foot it both together,
 Throw *Glin* and *Corough*, God knows whither;
 Till at the Cabbín they arriv'd,
 So richly for the Queen contriv'd;

(*t*) *Acceleremus ait, Susceptum perfice munus.*

(*u*) *Dixerat, ac pariter gressi per apata locorum
 Occupat Aeneas adytum, corpusque Recent
 Spargit aqua*——

There

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 Lik
 (C
 Of
 (x)
 Dev
 For

There was i'th' Porch a Font of Water, *Obliged water*
 Wherewith Nees did his Chops bespatter;
 Then with a Prayer, which he did say,
 Profoundly blest for the whole day;
 He fell a fumbling for the Posies,
 Which strait Transplanting, from his † Trousies †, † Breeches,
 With Courtesy and Eloquence,
 (Becoming so Renown'd a Prince:)
 Crys, *Take your Present for a Whore,*
 So (w) threw the Shamrog in the door.
 For gifts, (not staying the unlocking,)
 Like *Irish*, enter without Knocking;

(x) This done, about the Coasts he beats
 Of the † gay Woods, and happy Seats:

Limbus Pa-
trum.

† Fair, hand-
som.

(w) *Ramumque aduerso in Limine figit.*
 (x) *Hic Aetis, proprie exequitur secreta Sybille*
Deuenerq; locos Latos, & amana vires
Fortunatorum nemorum, Sedesque beatas.

With Chrystal Springs, and now they water'em
 Upon the Banks of *Limbo Patrum*,
 Where *Nees* no sooner had set Footing,
 But, over-joy'd, he fell a Hooting;
 So proud he Stalk'd, upon the sudden,
Nees hardly knew the Ground he stood on;
 And of his Senses half bereaven,
 Swore a great Oath, he was in Heaven.
 Wandring till now, without a Spark,
 Groaping for *Shela* in the Dark;
 So late Redeem'd from smoaky Huts,
 Their Eyes were dazled with the Sluts;

† Old Rogues For here the Old † *Sculloques* were all
 (y) In a large Field as warm as Wooll;
 And had (exempted from our Cares,)
 (z) Their own, both Sun, and Moon, and Stars.

(y) *Largior hic Campus Æther, & Lamine vestit
 Purpurea.* —

(z) *Solemque suum sua Sydera Norunt.*

A Slut supplies the place of Candle,
In Socket of split Deal, for Handle:
With Rushes steeped in Kirchin-Scurf,
And stuck in Candlestick of Turf:
And Fire enough to Toast their Nose,
Some Exercise, and some Repose;
On Rushes some, and some on Pallets;
Some Vermin pick, and some pick Sallets:
Some pace the Whip, some trot the † Hay, † A Dance;
Some at their Beads, and some (a) at play.
Have you, in the gay Town of Lusk,
Observ'd their Sports about the Dusk
Of Patrons-Eve, when all the Rout
Of Raggamuffins flock about;
Men, Maids, and Children, Dogs and all,
To Celebrate the Festival;

(a) *Pars in gramineis exercent membra palestris
Contendant ludo.* —————

So were they here assembled from
 Each Corner of the Nation;
 Of every Rank, and had the Rogues
 † Sports, (b) A Thousand merry gay † Gamshogues.
 The Old Men play'd at Blindman-Buff,
 Some Roast Pottados, some grind Snuff!
 At five Cards some, some wipe out scores
 At One and Thirty, and All-Fours.

The Priests that Lodge upon this Common,
 Do play at Irish, and Bac-Gammon;
 For Prayers, for Kisses, and for Beads,
 For Masses, and for Maiden-heads:
 The Lay-men Box, and Fight, and Wrestle;
 † Gads. And some make Ropes of Twisted † Hasle.
 (c) Some Trip a Dance upon the Grass,
 † Bore. And every † Culleen has his Lafs:

(b) *Et sulva luctantur arena.*

(c) *Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & sarmina dicunt.*

All Excercised, great and small,
All at some Game, and some at all:
For all were Gentlemen that play'd,
Not any one that had a † Trade.
E're in Mechanicks *Teague* wou'd Toil,
He'd run for sixpence forty Mile.

† *Teague* a
Trade! *Il-lil*
lil-lou

(d) There was *O Threicy*, with *Old Darcy*,

Playing all Weathers at the *Clarsey*:

The Irish Harp, whose rusty Mettle,

Sounds like the patching of a Kettle.

† *Mageen*, yea, and be he cou'd play,

Margery Cree

Lilly-Boleer, *Bulleen a la*;

Skiping of † *Gort*, tripping of *Swords*,

Towns in
Fingaul.

Frisk of *Baldosil* best he affords:

And for Variety *Cronaans*,

Ports † and *Portrinkes*, † and *Strin-kans*.

† Lessons,
† Jiggs,

(d) *Nec non Threicins*—

They

They had no Anthems for to Chuse,
 Their Hallelujes; were *Full-lil-loos*;
 And so as merry as the day
 Is long, they past the Time away:

Limbus Hero-
 (e) Here did the Antient Heroes grace
 The Warriors of former days.

1 Sons of Mi- 1 *Heber*, and *Heremán*, 2 *Nynvillagh*,
letus, 2 Son of
Heremán, 3 3 *Twathy de Dané*, and 4 *Neil*, *Noybillagh*,
de Danam,
 3d. Conquer- 5 *Eoghy O Finn*, and 6 *Cabir Moro*,
 or of Ire-
 land, he over- 7 *Con Kedcagh*, yea and 8 *Bryan Baro*,
 came Fer-
 vish, and
 100000 men 9 And great (f) *O Mile*, that was the first
 in one Battle.
 4 *Neil* of the
 Nine Hosta-
 ges of 9 King-
 doms.
 5 Son of *Fin-Mac-Houl*. 6 A famous Giant. 7 *Con Kedcagh*, so called from 100
 Battels he fought. 8 *Bryan Baro*, more famous than all his Predecessors. 9
Mileus, Father of *Heberbane*, first Inhabitant of Ireland; whence the Irish
 are called *Clonna Mile*. *Toby O Flannagan Moulin*, and *Mulrony*, *O Mul-*
conry.

(e) *Hic genus antiquum Teucri.*——
Magnanimi Heroes——

——(f) *Et Troja dardannus Antor.*

Was

Was *Nees* great Wonder make on a'me,
To see the Rebels look so tame.
Stalking about the Bogs and Moors,
Together with their Dogs and Whores;
Without a Rag, Trousers, or Brogues,
Picking of Sorrel and Sham-rogues:
Their war-like (g) Horses grazing round about,
And bloody Clubs fixt in the Ground about;
That fertile Ground, where the tall Grass
Did grow too fast upon the Place,
Should you o're Night a Gelding turn in,
You'd hardly find him the next Morning:
For whatsoe're they fancy'd most,
Thieving or War, the † donny Ghost, † Little,
Now they were dead, with the same Vigour,
Did imitate in Mood and Figure.

(g) *Per campos pascuntur equi.* ———

Q

Shela

Shela, as soon as she espy'd

The Men and Horses by their side,

Did swear she wou'd be after riding,

And strait did mount the Saddle striding:

Her Mill-posts, one, on either side

In Gad, for Stirrup, she had ty'd.

† Straw.

On t'other side a Rope † Suggain,

With Girt and Hoofings o're the Main;

Bridle and Crupper too, where *Nees*

Was got behind with bended Knees;

† Thorn.

Digging i'th' Flank, with a † Spologue,

In place of Spurs, stuck in his Brogue:

Tho all that they cou'd do, cou'd not

Put Dapple out of wonted Trot;

For tho from hence they sought relief,

† Swift.
Blind.

Yet was the Jade not very † brief,

Nor very sure; for she was bleend,

And lame of the fore-Leg beheend;

The

The better sure for that Disaster,
Who cou'd not over-run her Master;
And for her being Blind, they say,
She had less blame to lose her way:
T'her Feet sh'ad neither Shoes nor Clogs,
The fitter then to trot the Bogs:
Nor one Tooth left, she was so old,
For that the wiser *Nees* was told.
And glad he was, amongst the Colts,
To take the Jade with all her Faults.
In such an unfrequented Coast,
Who gain'd some way by riding Post.
Till the base Jade did let a Fart,
Which made 'em light, and Cursing, part.

To the next *Limbo Nees* did pack,
Bearing his Saddle on his back;
Cursing by Candle, Book, and Bell,
The Mare was glad she scap'd so well;

For now a brace of Beggars mounted,
 To make the Proverb good, she counted;
 And hardly thought they'd been so civil,
 But rid directly to the Devil,

(b) Here round about the Mountain-Hogs,
 He saw them wallowing in the Bogs;
 Some at the *Irish-Trot*, some pacing,
 And some were with the Beasts a grazing:
 They drank a Health to th' Nations Glory,
 Singing old *Rose*, and *Tory Rory*:

(i) With Rhimes, Cronaans, and many a gal,
 In Adoration of Saint *Patrick*. (Trick)

(k) Here all that fought in Vindication
 Of *Shamrog-shire*, made Habitation.
 The Champions of the *Irish Cause*,
 A numerous Train of *Mac's* and *O's*,

(b) *Conspicit ecce alias dextra levagae per herbam
 Peseentes.*

(i) *Latumque Choro peana canentes.*

(k) *Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.*

Whom

Who
 Had
 Here
 Who
 Wit
 And
 (l)
 A L
 S
 And
 Cry
 (m)
 She
 Wh
 (n)
 Exa

(l)
 (m)
 (n)

Whom the *Monfieur*, by treacherous Art,
Had cram'd into this Malapert.

Here Chafter Priests, and Fryars truckle,
Who never made Confessant Cuckold;

With Rimers here, had their Abodes;
And Bards, who made their *Patrons* Gods,

(l) Where every one had on his Brow

A Lawrell made of twisted Straw;

Suggane.

Shela, (that now had got amongst 'em,

And to be gone, thinking it longfon,)

Crys out, upon the sudden, you Rogues,

(m) Where is this Fellow, Goodmen two *Brogues*?

She ask'd them round the Square with *Nees*,

Where is this *Guddihang*, *Anchees*?

(n) But of † *Mack-Muse*, above the Rest,

Exalted by the Head and Crest.

† Son to great
Offin, who
was Son to
Fin-Mac-
Heul. His
Stature was
145 *Cupids*,
if you will
believe *O*
Flannagan, *O*
Sullivan,
Mulrony Col-
lonan, and the
rest of their
Authentick
Legenders.

(l) *Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.*

(m) *Quæ Regio Anchysen?* ———

(n) *Muscum ante omnes.* ———

To

To' his Stature, out of meer Regard,
Made Captain of the Sable Guard;

Nees, who with Gazing lost his Eyes,
Thought him the fittest, to Advice:
Till *Shela*, who was most intent,
Thus past her Cloyster Complement.

(o) I prethee Joy, if thou hast Leasure,
I beg thou wilt do me the Pleasure,
To do the Grace, to do the Favour,
To do the Kindness, for this Knave here,
That we may see *Anchees*; the Lad
Came only here to see his Dad.
Since Soldiering will do no Grace,
To get in Hell, an Evidence-Place;
For his time moves, on Rusty Wheels,
Much in the Elbows, out at Heels:

(o) *Discite*——*Quis habet Locum? illum ergo*
Venimus.——

Which

Which Loss his Highness wou'd Repair,

By having Liberty to Swear;

And thou wilt much oblige poor Nees,

To shew him to the Plot-Of-fice:

This favour Nees, and Shela Begg,

For we are weary of our Legs.

(p) To which the tall Red-Beard Reply'd,

Clod Derg
Carret-pate.

Dear Joy, Thou comes on the Blind-side;

For we have neither House nor Home,

Nor any thing, to call our Own:

But live like Flies, in Bogs and Bushes,

And make our Beds on Banks of Rushes.

Or at the Fire-side, where we

Ly all, Hickelty-Pickelty.

Nor has the most Notorious Tory,

T' his humble Crate, one single Story:

(p) *Atque huius Responsum paucis ita reddidit Heros.
Nulli certa domus Lucis habitamus apertis
Riparumque toros, & prata recentia Rivis
Incolimus*

Garret

† A pair of
Stairs.

Garret nor Stare-case (which is Sadder)

To Climb up, on an † English Ladder;

Where one low Gate to the first Floor,

Serves both for Chimney, and for Door:

Dis is so like our Shamrog-sheer,

Says Nees, *Dou are my own Bro-deer.*

Sheat on de Hous vid two three Story,

Give me de Food for Ties and Tery;

And be is Nees tink dis more Comely,

For Home is Home, tho nere so Homely:

† Bore:

Cou'd I but see de Old † Scullage,

Tho' he had neider Trous nor Brogue;

But cast an Eye upon de Elf,

While my own Eye is vid my self;

† Beat.

* Cut to pel-
ces.

† Next the
Heart, near-
rest the
Mouth,

Let Nees be † frapt, and suffer Rack,

*Be * Splee'd to Spoies, and damn'd as Black*

As † Butter-milk, if ere I mean

To Stray so far from Home again.

Nay

(q) Nay, if your longing be so great,
Mac-Muse, you shall no more intreat;
 (r) Stride up with me this tall Moun-tain,
 And I will put you in the Lane:
 Thus said, the Neighbouring-Fields he shows,
 Bidding them follow on their Nose;
 And that wou'd lead 'em to the Place,
 Where they might soon behold his Grace.

Nees, glad to hear o'th' Old *Scull-oge*,
 Did kiss his † Tumb, and † scrape a *Brogue*;
 Which done, scarce had he star'd about,
 When, as he said, it so fell out:

† Thumb.
 † Made a
 Legg.

(t) Here Musing lay *Anchees* the Guddi-
 hang of a King, in a brown Studdy.

—(q) *Sed vos si fert ita corde voluntas.*

(r) *Hec superare iugum* —

—(s) *Et facili vos tramite sistans.*

(t) *At pater Anchyses penitus convallis virenti
 Fataque, fortunaſque virum, moresque, manusque.*

bnd

R

In

ay

In a green-Arbour, reaping all
 His Kit, and Kin, both great and small;
 Their Hanging, and unlucky Fate,
 Were Maggots of his doating Pate:
 And their high Breeding, from the Fountains
 Of Art, the Woods, and Boggs and Mountains.
 (u) But when he saw the Couple Posting,
 Throw the Green-Meddows to accost 'him;
 (w) Clapping his hands, set up the Howl,
 For all his Gouts, a Joyfull Soul:
 To see 'em Trotting to'ards his Grace,
 And to his Legs he got a pace.
 Propt on his Staff, came Hops, and Jumps,
 Now on his hands, now on his Stumps;

(u) *Isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit*
Enean.—

— (w) *Alacris palmas utrasque terendis*
Iffusa genis lachryma—

And

And sometimes on all four did leap ;
 For kind will go, when't cannot creep.
 Thus struggling, till at length he laid
 His Palsy Hands upon his Head ;
 But so surpriz'd to see the Mawkin,
 (x) He cou'd not speak one word for Talking :
 At which a Shower of Tears, as Proof
 Of further kindness mixt, with Snuff,
 Came Running down his Beard so pleasing,
 Which set his Gravity a Sneezing :
 At which the Nun did Cross her Face ;
 And Nees did say, *God save his Grace* :
 This way his Passion finding Vent,
 The Youth he thus did Complement.
 (y) And art thou come at last my Rogue ?
 And all to see an Old Sculloge ?

—(x) *Et vox excidit ore.*

(y) *Venisti tandem ?* —

Art thou alive? see I thy Face,
Is this thy Voice I hear? The Grace
Of thy Discourse, able to turn

† Buttermilk. To † Bonnaclobber a whole Churn;

I ever thought it wou'd be so *Nees*,
And now thou'rt better than thy promise:

(2) But prethee, *Nees*, what part o'th' World
Art thou come from? Whence art thou hurri'd?

Tell me (a) (my Dear Joy) how goes Squares?
And all the State of thy Affairs?

Left thou wast Hang'd, I Vow and Swear,
Nees, I was in a pack of Fear.

Whether by *French*, or *Dutch* thou fell,
English or *Scotch*, I cou'd not tell;
And therefore now I beg to tell,
What Wind 'twas drove thee into Hell.

(2) *Quas ego te terras? Et quanta per aquora vectum
Accipio?* —

— (a) *Quantis jacturam nate periculis?*

(b) Good

(b) Good blefs dee, Fader: Vill dou hear me,
I'll tell it fat vas bring it dere me?

Is dis vas make me in dis Place,

Only to see dy own sweet Face:

(c) De Fleet on Curragh of Kilmore,

Burnt by de Scotch upon de Shore.

But now (Dear Joy) my own Fa-deer,

Since me have met so lucky here;

(d) Give me dy Paw, and let us shake

Our Hands, for old Acquaintance sake:

So taking Snuff, he made wry Faces,

(e) And both together wept their Graces.

(f) Here Nees, with gentle Shoulder Shrug,

Began to give the Irish-Hug.

(b) Ille autem tu me genitor, tua tristis imago.

(c) Sæpius occurrens hac limina tendere adegit.

Stant mare Tyrrheno Classes. (d) Da jungere dextram

Da genitor, Teque amplexu ne subtrahere nostro.

(e) Sic memorans larga fletu simul ora rigabat.

(f) Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,

Ter frustra compensa manus effugit imago,

Bar levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Thrice

Thrice did he fold his longing Arms,
 Thrice he in vain bestow'd his Charms;
 For the pale Ghost, without more ado,
 Did vanish like an empty Shadow;
 And flew as swift as any Bat,
Before an Ear cou'd lick her Cat,
 Here in this Complement he faulted;
 For with *Anchees* the Case was alter'd;
 And tho' he was his next a Kin,
What but the Cat can ye have o'th' Skin.
 (g) *Nees*, in the mean, espied a Wood,
 That with a Bog surrounded stood;
 Planted with Pallaces of Pleasure,
 And Orchards rich with *Irish*-Treasure;
 Garlick, and Leeks, Pottado-Roots,
 With Bilberrys, and Hasle-Nuts,

(g) *Interea videt Aeneas* —————

Incom-

(b) Incompass'd with a River, where
All Folks resorted far and near.

Have you beheld, when people pray
At Saint *John's* Well on *Patron-day*, In the North.
By Charm of Priest and Miracle,
To cure Diseases at this Well;
The Valleys fill'd with Blind and Lame,
And go as Limping as they came:
Just so this Raggamuffin Rout,
(Flocking an hundred Miles about)
From every Pole and Chantlet run,
As thick as Atoms in the Sun.

(i) The Prince at this began to flammer,
And could not rest, the Ninnihammer,
Until he knew a Reason why
Those Troops about the Banks did ly;

(b) *Hunc circum innumera gentes, populi que volabant.*

(i) *Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit,
Inseius Aeneas.*

And

And till *Anchyses* did deliver

All the deep Mysteries of the River.

L. James (k) Have you not heard of such a Man,
(Says he) cou'd turn the Cat in Pan?

That cou'd, to his Immortal Glory,

Transform a *Whig* into a *Tory*?

A Favourite make of a *King-hater*,

And form a *Jesuit* of a *Quaker*?

That valu'd not his Friends to lose 'em,

And hug'd the Vipers in his Bosom:

Cou'd turn a Monarch to a Mouse,

Transform a Taylor to a Loufe:

And turn a Nation out of door,

And turn himself out of Three more:

That cou'd a Bullet, at his like,

Anabaptize into a Pike;

(k) *Tum pax Anchyses.*

Trans-

Transform a Buzzard to a Bird,
And turn a Custard to a T—
And Wine to Water, (some say Piss,) *Transubstantia*
And all by *Metempsychosis*.

O-o-ogh (says Nees.) And be, I fear me;
(I tink) don't after ask to jeer me.

Hast thou not heard, thou simple Ass,
Says he, of Old Pythagoras?

And be, not I in all my Loef,
I'll chance upon him for a Teef:
Fere shou'd I hear of him, I tra,
He was not born at Lusk—

— Oh! no:
But if thou wilt forbear thy Blunder,
I will unriddle all the Wonder.

(y) Those Granadeers, that flock about
From Hill to Plain since the last Rout,

(y) *Anima*,—*Lathes ad fluminis undas*,
Sedurus latices & longa oblivio potunt.

S

The

† London-
Derry.

The bloody Rout in † Derry Battle,
 Drink Daries dry, and stroke the Cattle;
 Steal Sucklings, and thro' Key-holes sling,
 Topeing, and dancing in a Ring;
 Of Letbe take so large a Douse,
 And long Oblivion-Cups Carouze.
 Eternal Imps, that drink and sot,
 Till what they Are they have forgot:
 Their former Notions gone, the Fairies
 Transform to Rats and Mice in Dairies;
 As if this Body he should force
 To be transform'd into a Horse.
 I'm not thy Father as I was,
 But an irrational dull As;
 A very Mungrel of a Stallion,
 A Metamorphosed Fingallion.

This I thought good to tell thee first,
 That thou may'it know the Devil's just.

Now

Now to our Race, that thou may'st more
Rejoyce, when all the Mischief's o're.

(2) Thus said, unto a Mount his Son
He leads, together with the Nun.
Where all the Woods and Valleys rung on'em,
And plac'd him in the very throng on'em:
That every one might flock to see,
And know what News in Tripoly.

(a) Now to't, my Son, now comes the Story
Of all thy Race, thy Nations Glory:
The Kings that did, and hence shall shine,
Descended from Mac Heber's Line;
I'll read in History a short one,
And eke declare thee all thy Fortune.

(2) *Dixerat Anchyses, natumque unaque sibyllam,
Conventum trahit in medios.*

(a) *Nunc age Dardaniam prolem—*

(b) That Tary-Knave, cast but thy Eye on,
 (Fierce as a Wolf, bold as a Lyon)
 That leans upon his bloody Lance,
 He is the first begins the Dance;
 And by a Massacre shall rise out,
 To feed the Crows, shall pick his Eyes out;
 † Phelim the Kern, began the Wars,
 Descended from the Highlanders;
 Born and bred up amongst the Woods,
 And savage as the Mountain Studs;
 By Lavin spawnd amongst the Bogs,
 To be a Rogue from Race of Rogues.

† Phelim O
 Neel.

De Burgo.

The next deserves our Commendation,
 Is Bork, the Glory of our Nation;
 (c) And young Encees, Mac Nees, the same
 Encees, that shall Restore thy Name;

(b) Ille vidis para Juvenis qui nittitur hasta.
 (c) Sylvius Aeneas pariter pietate vel armis
 Egregius.

The

The Wood-kern, *Nees*, (whom I maintain) as
 Egregious a *Rogue* in grain, as
 Is *Nees* himself, and, let me tell you,
 Will make as terrible a Fellow;
 If he to get can once prevail
 A Foot within the *English* Pale;
 The Desperado's how they run!
 And tempt the Fates to be undone!
 And tho' they've scarce an Ounce of Snuff,
 Yet will the *Bully* *Huffins* huff.
 But those you see so richly dress'd,
 With Civil Horns upon their Crest;
 The Cuckold's Wreath, shall Crown 'em then,
 Are Citizens and Aldermen:
 With States-men, Chancellors, and Judges,
 On purpose chose to be our Drudges:
 Who Laws and Statutes shall Invent,
 To work an *Irish* Settlement.

† *Fittos*;
Nangle, &c.

But

(d) But e're a total Restauration
 Do heal the Ruptures of this Nation;
 In Britain shall a Monarch Reign,
 Will bring this Nation to the Wain;
 Whom *Ilia* shall in *England* bear,
 That shall extend his Scepter here:
 Who (by a Usurpation bold,)

Oliver Crom.

Shall lose his Land. Behold, behold;
 A double Crown Impales his Brow,
 Who was both King and Prophet too:
 In Heaven, whom Almighty *Jove*,
 Shall honour with a Crown above:
 (f) Who shall bequeath unto his Son,
 The Power of this Dominion:

(d) *Quin & avo comitem sese mavortius addet,*
 — *Romulus* —

(e) *Viden ut gemina stant vertice crista,*

(f) *At pater ipse suo superum jam signat honore.*

Which

(g) In Moats and Walls, enclosing then
 † Seven Hills, possess with valiant men;
 As Virgin-Lady Crown'd does ride,
 Thro' Dublin-City, by whose side
 An hundred Gods, for Lackeys run,
 Lackeys, for * Trades these Gods had none.
 Their chiefest work shall be their Sport,
 To breed Dissention at the Court;
 Where they shall never cease to flock,
 Till they have brought his Head to'th' Block.

† Cork-hill,
 Cock-hill.
 St. Nicholas
 and Paulgate,
 Conduit-
 Hill, and the
 two Hills of
 Kippers, and
 School-house
 Lane.

* They were
 Irish.

Thus shall he fall, and to his Son
 He shall bequeath an empty Throne:
 (b) Which e're he fills, must banisht, Toyl,
 For Laurels in a Foreign Soyl:

(g) *Septemque una sibi muro circumdabit Arces,
 Felix prole virum. Qualis Borecynthia mater.*

(b) — *Qui rursus latio regnata per arva,
 — Redit.* —

Thence,

Thence, with Majestick Glory born,
 With greater Triumph shall return;
 Whose Restauration-Day, the Head
 Of Rump and Regicides do dread:
 And though poor *Ireland* hopes in vain,
 'Twill ne're be Ours, while He does Reign.
 (i) A Court of Claiming he shall call,
 Poor *Teagur* again is out of All:
 His Claim rejected, and his Lands
 Restor'd into the *English* hands.
 Nor dare a Nocent-Rebel once stir,
 In *Ulster*, *Connanght*, *Mead*, or *Munster*;
 The *Irish* Glory so departed,
 And poor *Enees* so quite dead-hearted;
 That he has hardly left a Groat,
 To pay for cutting *English*-Throat.

(i) *Qui rursus constituet Rem.*

The Hereticks shall sit at helm,
And rule (while he does Reign) the Realm;
Shall bear on Breast the Royal Stamp,
All Offices in Court and Camp.
So that poor Nees shall not be able,
To put in for a Cones-table:
But still to make his own Life easie,
He shall do all he can to please ye;
Who was, had he *Teague's* Cause maintain'd,
The best of Kings that ever Reign'd.

He dead, (*k*) his Brother mounts the Throne, *L. Ganes*
and once more *Ireland* is our own.
The *Petre* now shall bear the sway, *That's the best of it.*
and Popery shall come in play:
He shall new model all the Nation,
From College unto Corporation:

— (*k*) *Hic Caesar & omnis Juli Progenies,
ignem Caeli ventura sub axem.*

T

To

To former plight he shall transplant us,
 By *Mandats, Briefs, and Quo Warranto's*.
 Gospel and Law shall trample o're,
 By a Supreme Dispensing Power:
 If any jealous Lord oppose it,
 Shall purge in Inquisition Closet;
 And by his Will, which is his Law,
 Shall keep the Hereticks in awe:
 In spite of Law, shall do his best
 To take off *Penal, and the Test*;
 And for the Freedom of our Nation,
 Shall make an *Act of Toleration*;
 Where all may have their Liberty
 To go to Hell as well as Thee.
 Shall turn the Nobles in disgrace,
 For *Teague and Rory* to make place;
 Turning, (*Ill-omen* of his Fall)
 Till he himself turn out of all:

Of Promise-making-Kings the best,
Till over-riden by the Priest;
Which turn'd the Helm into a † Paddle † Helm.
And threw great *Jehus* out of the Saddle.
Wonders shall Chronicle his Reign,
A Wilderness shall cross the Main.
The *Belgick* Lyon then shall keep
From *Roman* Wolf the abandon'd Sheep.
A Sun shall rise up in the *West*,
That over-cast shall set ith *East*;
Deserted by his chief Commanders,
Frighted with *Bear-skins*, and *Flintlanders*; *The Dutch*
Shall, with the scampering Court withdrawn,
Leave there an Abdicated Throne:
When he has fixt his *French* Intrigue,
Shall for protection fly to *Teague*:
Where *French* and *Irish* Officers
Shall fall together by the ears.

The French Monsieur shall fight, his Own to hold;
 Teague, to retrieve his Country sold:
 Till Frog and Mouse in bloody wrath,
 The Stork shall come and swallow both.

L. William The Belgian Stork without a stroke,
 (That Nests within the Royal Oak,)
 Shall drive the Locust from our shore,
 And name of Nees shall be no more.

But now our Forces overthrown,
L. James And Nees, with Abby, are shorn;
 On a new Sun fix both their Eyes,
 Exalted in the British Skies:
 Whotimely through the Tempest broke,
 An Orange grafted on the Oke.
 Whose Juice the English Hearts shall cheer,
 And shall diffuse it's Vertue here;

(1) *Huc geminas inflecte acirs, hanc aspice gentem
 Romanosque tuos.*

Destroy-

Destroying Popish Priests and Steeple,
And worst of Vermin here, the People;
Where ere an Orange comes in place,
Poor Nees shall make a fowre Face:
In's Stomach stick, which to the rest
Shall be a Cordial to digest.

(m) This this is He, the War-like Prince,
Heaven promis'd long in their Defence;

Englands Augustus, who shall be

The Subject of Chronology;

Who, plac'd upon the British Throne,

Shall make poor Nees to sing, O home!

(n) Sent from Above; who shall restore

The Dagon they so much adore.

(m) Hic vir, hic est tibi quem promittit Sapius andis
Augustus Caesar.

(n) Divogerus

(o)

(o) The Golden Age of Liberty,
From Yoke of Pagan Slavery;
And rescue from the impending Thower
Of Priest, and Arbitrary Power.

(p) His boundless Empire shall advance
From larger Britain over France:
Nor shall the Blacks, or Indian Shore, (w)
Set Limits to his Naval Power.

Holland (q) Beyond the Seas, not far Remote,
There lies a little Lowland Spot;
In Farm from Neptune, which shall be
Of this great *Map* the Nursery:
Thence, by a Solemn Invitation,
Shall make a *Second* Reformation:

— (o) *Aurea condet secula.* —

— (p) *Super & Garatiantes & Indos* (w)
Proferet Imperium —

— (q) *Facet exina sidera tellus.* —
Hujus in adventu —

Who

Who swifter Wing'd than flying Fame,

And silent as the Night he came ;

Shall, without noise of Proclamation,

Bring swift Deliverance to that Nation.

Whose Amunition's like white Powder,

Nor are his Publick Triumphs lowder ;

Which, wheresoe're the strokes Rebound,

Does Execution without Sound.

Without a word bring home the Fleece

Of Jason, or a Fleet to Greese.

(s) The Court, and many a Pagan Peer,

With the lost Monarch sculk for fear ;

Who bleeds e're he Receives a Wound,

Cares, Doubts, and Jealousies abound :

Proud *Modena*, from *Albion* Banisht, *Queen*

Shall (with her young Impostor vanisht ;) *The Pretend*

—— (s) *Jam nunc & Caspia Regna*

Responsis horrent divinis

Fly

Fly o're to *France*, to Shield her Honour

Father Time! By Him whose Counfels have undone her.

The Holy Fathers and the Monks,

Shall scour with their Religious Punks;

Their Reliques, Croffes, Cowls and Fringes,

Shall with our Church be off the Hinges:

The Fools, who did not timely scower,

Shall Plot in *Newgate*, and the *Tower*.

(t) Nor did *Alcide* ere undertake

So great a Task for Virtues sake;

Or half so much attempted he

To set a Captive-Nation free,

Tho' the swift *Stag* he did subdue,

And with his Shaft the *Hydra* slew.

Nor *Bacchus*, who joynt Tygers sent

In Chains, from *Nysa's* steep Descent;

(t) *Nec vero Alcides tantum Telluris obibat
Fixerat aripidem Cervum licet*

And

(u) And shall we doubt such Vertue lacks
Courage adequat to his Facts?

(w) Or fear diswade the Son of Jove, *the Pret.*

His Title to this Land to prove;

Whose Conquest, in despite of Foes;

(Let Teague and Monsieur Interpose)

This Government shall still retain;

While Kings in British Isles do Reign?

And now behold the petty Kings,

That more remote this story sings;

Who by Invasion, and strong hand,

Shall play the Devil in this Land.

But *see* is dat same * Cuckold born,

(Says Nees) whose Head is stuck vid horne?

(x) And be I know de Culleen, fate,

By his Red Beard, and Carret Pate:

(u) *Et arbitramus adhuc Virtutem extendere factis.*

(w) *Aut metus?*

(x) *Nasoo crines incanaque menta.*

* Cohil clove-
derg, Anglice
Cohil the Red.
K. of Ireland;
so says Mul-
conry; but
Mulroney, who
is a more Au-
thentick Histo-
rian, affirms;
it alludes to de
Coursey.

U

Must

Must he come in? so great a Rogue?

Then every Day must have his Dog.

This, says *Anchyses*, is the first,
Shall Laws ordain t'encourage Lust?

(y) Advanc'd a King, the Beggars Brat,
From a small Crate, and Garden-plat.

Who of this Land the lazy Custom
Shall break, and into Arms shall thrust 'em
Those silly Troops, not us'd, God knows,
So oft to Triumphs, as to Blows.

(z) The next of Valour, that gives proof,
Mac-Ancy, a vain-glorious Huff;

A swelling Bladder, since his Death,
Blown with the Wind of popular Breath.

— (y) *Curibus parvis & pampere terra*
Missus in Imperium Magnum. —

— (z) *Quem juxta sequitur jactantior Arcus.*

(a) Wilt thou the kings of (1) *Clonna-Mile* (1) Miletus,

Behold, that hence shall rule this Isle ;

The haughty mind, and all the Rout

Of the Revengeful, (2) *de La Brute* !

The first that shall assume the power,

With *Tory* Troops the Bogs to scower ;

And send an Army of Commanders,

To fight the *Britains*, and *Low-Landers* :

(b) Behold the (3) *Decy's*, far and near,

And *Drusye's* in their Ranks appear ;

Mac-Tory-Quat, and Ensign *Camill*,

With *Madoge* sharp, to cut off *Mamill* ;

Or strip the Infant from the *VVomb*,

Lay'd with the Mother in one Tomb :

Father of all the Kings of Ireland ; whence the Irish are called Clonna-Mile. Ger. Cambrentis. (2) This is Ed. de la Bruce, who in '76 year of Ed. 2d. styled himself King of Ireland. Barons Finglus, and Sir John Davis of the State of Ireland.

(3) *The Decys, an ancient Family in Ireland; they opposed Tyrone's Rebellion in Munster ; and were always Friends to the English Interest, till now.*

(a) *Vis & Tarquines Regis, animumque superbum Ul-*
toris Brutii.

(b) *Quin Decios Drusosque procul.* —

(c) *Aspicere Torquatum.* —

(d) — *Et Referentem signa Camillum.*

*The Cruelty
committed by
the Irish Re-
bels upon the
English.*

*Upon their
Sheep and Cat-
tles.*

Or spurr their Guts out, being bound
First to a Tree, and then whipt round:

(e) Nor shall in this their fury cease,

Till they make Candles of their Grease:

Stab, Hang, or Burn 'em, Damn, and Curse,
Without Compassion, or Remorse:

In Houses, Churches, or the Roads,

To clear the Land of *English* Toads;

Shall slay their Sheep, (the Fury Elves),

And burn their Barnes, to starve themselves:

If but a Cow shall set up Tone

In any Language but our own,

As an Infringement of our Charter,

They shall condemn to present Slaughter.

(f) VVhat Bloody Wars, what Dire Infections?

VVhat Murders, Plots, and Insurrections;

(e) *Ille autem.* —

(f) *Hec quantum inter se Bellum!* —

VVill

Will these men cause, when cross the Ferry,

They bend their Troops to *London-Derry*?

Sending their fierce Battalions forth,

Against the Rebels in the *North*?

And then like a swift Inundation,

Threaten the *Scot* with an Invasion.

(g) Boys! Boys! be not so hot to sin,

And learn to sleep in a whole Skin.

(h) But thou thy Country-men mayst spare,

Was Born thy self in *Shamrogsbire*.

The rest, *Nees*, throw thy Club at †ame,

† *Then.*

And make 'em run away for shame.

(i) He with his † Provinder and Luggage,

† Hugh bucy
O'Neal.

O're top of * *Ardes* shall draw his Baggage.

* *Altitudines
ultoniz. Gen
Cambren.*

That Prodigal so fiercely stood,

In the expence of *British* Blood.

(g) *Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella.*

(h) *Tuque prior, tu parce genus qui ducis Olympo.*

(i) *Ille triumphat a.*

He

(k) He shall destroy the *Norman* Race,
 And all the *English* Lords displace,
King — *n* himself shall melt his Wings,
 The war-like Off-spring of the Kings.
 Stout *Bl-y* too shall feel our Blows,
 Those Champions of the *English* Cause.
 Many, with *Inch* — *n*, shall fly
 To *England*, for a fresh supply.
 Their Goods Sequester'd and their Lands
 Restor'd into the Owners hands ;
 (l) To be reveng'd upon his Pate,
 That kept poor *Nees* from his Estate :
 But when they Land at *Derry-Bay*,
 Let *Nees* expect a bloody day.

(m) Who can forget the Learned * *Cato*,
 That writ so much on a Pottado ;

* This is *Cormack Mac Art*,
 styled, the *Cato*
 of *Ireland*.
 He writ a *Treatise*
 of the *Virtues*
 of a *Pottado*, beyond
 the *Wisdom*
 of *Solomon*, the
Knowledge
 of *Aristotle*, the
Rhetorick
 of *Cicero*. *Con.*
Clerenaugh,
 and *Murear-*
agh O Colle-
gan.

(k) *Eruct ille Argos.* —
 (l) *Ulan avos Troja.* —
 (m) *Quis se magne Cato?* —

Who

Who cramm'd in every Page four Columns,
Six of *Poor Robin's* single Volumns.

At the (n) *Mac-Graths*, who can but wonder,

(o) Or the two *Burks*, those Sons of Thunder?

With that poor Devil, O (p) *Fa-beer*,

That base Bastard, and proud Beg-geer.

Or *Serany*, Son of a Pander,

Rais'd from the Plow to a Commander;

(q) Kick meerly out of merit up,

From Tail of Horse, to Head of Troop?

Whose famous Deeds recorded may be,

(r) Amongst the Acts of *Art Mac Faby*:

Donnogh Mac
Art Mac Faby.

Who shall retrieve our Ruins best;

Thou art the Man of all the rest.

(n) *Quis te Gracchi genus.* —

(o) *Aus geminos duo fulmina Belli.*

(p) *Parvoque potenssem Fabricium?*

(q) — *Vel te sulco Serrane serentem.*

(r) *Quo fissum rapitis Fabij?*

Then

(s) Then clapping hands, as sign of wonder,
Behold (says he) that Son of Thunder,
Tyrconnel, with his Spoils possest,
The bravest King of all the rest.
His Haughtiness bred in the Bogs,
Shall call his Betters, Rogues and Dogs,
From Butchers Bratt, raised to a Peer,
To be a K. in *Shannroghshire*.

(t) This Devil shall do that which no Man
Cou'd yet effect, restore the *Roman*;
And in his time establish Popery,
Which *Curse* *de Meroz* calls a Foppery,
Chappels shall up, the Churches down,
And all the Land shall be our own.
He shall secure our Title here,
By a Rebellion in each Shier,

(s) *Aspice ut insignis spoliis Murecellus opimus,
Ingreditor, Victorque Viros. supereminet omnes.*

(t) *Hic Rem Romanam sestet.*

An Army shall Collect the Rent,
 Confirm our Rights by *Parliament*,
 The *Act of Settlement* shall bate,
 And *Nees* shall get his own Estate,
 If by the *Monsieur* not supplanted,
 Who for a Sum has Covenanted;
 And both their Interests be not lost
 By the prevailing *British* Host.
 (u) He shall subdue the *Heretick*,
 To bring in trusty *Catholick*.
 Humble the Peer, Exalt the Peasant,
 Without Assize of damage Peasant.
 And shall advance the meanest sort
 To highest place of Camp and Court;
 All shall be common as before;
 No more shall Justices, no more

(u) — *Steynet Pamos.* —

Shall Court of Claims, or Council-Table,
Or Formidon, be formidable.

Drink down Excise, know no Committe,

But Routs and Riots in each City;

Cut Throats; in Massacre skill'd well;

And Plunder, tho' it were in Hell.

Thus sha'll he rule the Rebel Rout,

Till by the *Monsieur* jostled out;

Reduc'd to such a low Condition,

He shan't to Curse have a Commission.

Yet tho' his short insulting be

But a continu'd Tyranny,

All Articles he shall defie,

And none shall say, black is his Eye.

(w) But here *Eneas* had now esp'y'd

A gay young Spark march by his side,

Sheridon's
Gase.

Mark Tal —
his Bastard Son.

(w) *Arque hic Enas, una namque ire videt.
Egregium forma juvenem, & fulgentibus Armis.*

In

In a Blue Scarlet Coat did shine,
 And Yellow Trousers, wondrous fine.
 He had a Scarf about his Arse,
 Edg'd with White Fringe of Yellow Lace:
 His Cap with Plume of Feathers set,
 Sent from the Pullets of *Lorett*:
 His Wig St. *Peter's* Hairs did blefs,
 A Present from his Holiness.
 His Crevat, flower'd o're with Snuff,
 Made of the Virgin *Mary's* Ruff;
 So finely drest, that you would deem,
 'Twould do a Blind-man good to see him.

(x) Dear Joy (says Nees) who is that Owl,
 Walks vid his Fader Cheek by Jowl?
 Is it his Son, or Bastard Heir,
 Or some gay Irish Officere?

(x) *Quis Pater ille virum qui sic comitatur eunem?*
Filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe neporum?

(y) *What makes 'em all about so busie?*

(z) *O hone! How like the Fader is he?*

And be so like, sure as a Gun,

De Fader is his very Son.

But now the Night, like thickning Smoak
That dwells in *Crates*, possession took
O'th' Firmament, when he begun,
With weeping, thus t'advise his Son.

(a) *Oh Nees, poor Nees, do not importune,*
To know thy Countrey-mens misfortune,
That will befall them by Adventurers,
By *English, Dutch, and Scotch* Debenturers :
Our Lands posselt, we put to rout,
By two Brigades of Horse and Foot :

(y) *Quis strepitus circa comitem ?*

(z) *Quantum instar in ipso ?*

(a) *Tum pater Anchyses lachrymis ingressus in oris.*

O nate ingentem Luctum ne quare tuorum !

Tran-

Transported some, and some Transplanted,

Whilst the prevailing Party Ranted.

Till he's restor'd, with all his Train:

But here's the Devil on's again;

(b) The Fates will only shew his Reign,

To hope for more, is but in vain.

(c) The Roman Tribe would be too strong,

If this good luck should last too long.

How many Gallant Troops, this Sot

Will he Condemn unto the Pot?

How many fitter to Command,

And Soldiers too, will he Disband?

And carry on the sly Intrigue,

To make a Vacancy for Teague.

(d) And truly, Nees, there's ne'er a one

For us to crack of, when he's gone;

(b) Ostendent Terris hunc tantum fata!

(c) Nimium vobis Romana propago,

(d) Nec puer Iliaca quisquam

Not

Not one, like Him, will e'er appear

Again, to grow in *Shamrogeshire*.

(e) *Ubboo ! Ubboo ! A Pack of Cards,*

The Good Old Faith, which none Regards

The Shams, the Dice, and wondrous Flights

This Lord will manifest in Fight.

(f) Whither a Donny Musqueteer,

Or *Guddihang* of a Troop-peer.

Not one shall meet him, not a Man,

But he will shun him, if he can.

(g) Now *Nees*, (poor Boy) had'st thou the Pate

To overcome thy harder Fate ;

'Tis *Nees* alone, 'tis only He,

Tyrconnel, my White Boy shall be.

(e) *Hec pietas ! Hec prisca fides !*

(f) — *Nec illi quisquam se impune tulisset*
Obvius armato. Sen cum pedes iret in hostem

Sen Spumantis equi

(g) *Hec misereande puer ! Si qua fata aspera rumpat*

In Marcellus eris.

ed T

(Il-lil-

(4) (Il-lil-lil-leo) My Cramacree, descend on't
The hopes of all thy Family;
Bring me a Bunch of Saggane Ropes,
Of Shamroges, and Pottado-Tops;
With Pig-tail, steep'd in Chamber-Lees,
To make a Lawrel for Enes;
With Crevar-string of Wattle-Twist,
Confess thy last unto the Priest;
Lilli-bo-lero, lero-a-fing,
Tyrconnel is no longer King.

(i) So hooting through the Woods, they sat
To light a Pipe at the next Crate;
Dy'd through with Smdak, the spacious Bowl,
Out of meor Providence, kept foul;
When Nees of Funk had ne'er a Corn,
Wou'd, fier'd, like a Chimney burn.

(b) — *Mansions d'ae lillia-plenis*
Nave Cowards

(i) — *Sic to a passim Regime Vacantur.*

The

The Smoak went round, which they did draw
 Thro' supplemental Foot of Straw.
 T' enlarge the Head, which lighted flows,
 Like a Carbuncle on the Nose;
 Left by his Sire, a Legacy,
 The Jewel of all the Family.
 (k) Last, after he had lost his Son
 From Crate to Cabin, with the Nun,
 Expecting nothing but to sport on
 The hopes of their succeeding Fortune:
 He falls again to open War,
 But there-withal he does declare;
 How to prevent it, where, and when,
 He does demonstrate there, and then.

(k) *Qua postquam Anchyses natum per singula duxit,
 Intenditque notum fama venientis amore,
 Exin Belli Viro memorat, qua deinde gerenda,
 Et quocunque modo fugiatque, feratque laborem.*

In short, it was to run away ;

Which said, he had no more to say.

(l) There are two famous Gates of Sleep,
Through which all Maggot Dreams do creep,
As nimble Hecus, and Hobbogoblin,
Thro' Creeks, and Key-holes, use to hobble in.
The first whereof is built of Horn,
Through which all's true, that e're was born :

(m) The other made of Ivory,
The Sally-port of Forgery ;
Where it no sooner makes a pothor
In one Ear, but goes out at t'other.

(l) *Sunt geminae somni porta, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris.
(m) Altera ex adenti perfecta nitens Elephanto,
Sed falsa ad Caelum migrant insomnia mantes.*

Y

Through

(n) Through which, when he had led 'em both,
Where (think you) should he let 'em forth,
But at the Horns? A subtil Mystery,
To ratifie our present History.

The Dream being out, they dropt a Mass,
And parted at Peg-Trantom's Pass.
The old Man he return'd to Hell,
And *Shela*, to Inchant'd Cell;

*Vice comes a
Purgatorio
reddis.
O Sullivan.*

(o) And *Nees* got under him his Feet,
To view his Soldiers in the Fleet:
Who, glad to see his Grace Restor'd,
With *Hil-lil-loo's* the Harbour roar'd;
For to the Devil *Nees* was gone,
And left his Men a Roguing on.

(n) *His ubi tum natum Archyfes unaque Sybillam,
Prosequitur dictis, portaque immittit eburna.
(o) Ille viam fecit ad naves, sociosque Revisit.*

Some

(p) Some to the Sign o'th' (1) Woman, sail, (1) Mare-maid,
With the Fish growing at her Tail.

Some the (2) Garrane, their Lodging made, (2) Unicorn.

With Barber's pole upon his Head :

Others, at the next Sign below,

O'th' (3) Irish-man, y-crying O-o-o-h ! (3) Sarazens-Head.

But Nees, who had the Noblest place,

Lodg'd at the Sign of the (4) Ca-bash ; (4) The Globe.

The only House ; (and 'twas a wonder,

Although in Hell) that scap'd their Plunder.

Nees, with his Torys, now so gay,

Directs his Course to Dublin-Bay ;

But finding there, that things went so

(Manag'd by a worse Devil, † Devo;) A Friend Devoas. Just.

He chose, depriv'd of all his Glory,

To Scamper back to Purgatory.

(p) Tum se ad——Recto fert histore cursum.

The

(g) The Anchor ty'd with Cord of YWood,

He strait-way cast into the Mud ;

Resolving thence to Travel by Land,

And all the Cotts did ride on dry Land.

(g) *Anchora de prora jacitur, stant littore puppes.*

Notwith



Notwithstanding the Care taken in the
Marginal Notes, to explicate the Fin-
gallian Words, or Irish Phrases; yet,
many having escaped, we think fit to add this
Alphabetical Table, for their fuller Explan-
ation.

Common, Harp, Common.
Boat.
Dore, Tenant.
Ketchick.
Sweet-heart.
Wood.
Churn.

Shoe.
Cap.
Sweet.
Cannon.

Town in
Fingal.
Trumpet.

Dough



T H E T A B L E.

A Me, Agra, Arroon, Alsoon,	Them. Dear. Joy. Alce.	Curragh, Gronan, Curtlagh, Commaan,	Heath. Song. Weeds. Common.
B. Brogue, Barrede, Banna-slab, Bolrav, Brief, Baldoyl, Bolradderry, Bowratty, Boldarys,	Shooc. Cap. Thick Milk. Strong-water. Swift. Towns in Fingaul. Trumperies.	Cott, Calleen, Corkeen, Cramacry, Cora, Caper, Cunnoque,	Boat. Bore, Tenant. Kerchief. Sweet-heart. Wooden-Pon. Conloping. Churn.
			Dough

The Table.

D.	I.
<i>Bough & Dotra</i> , Door Cup.	<i>Ill-Mi-loo</i> , <i>Irisb-Howl</i> .
<i>Bough & Ole</i> , Grace Cup.	
<i>Drollains</i> , Fopperies.	K.
<i>Dunhoyn</i> , A T. in <i>Fingaul</i> .	

F.		
<i>Eoghy Offin</i> .	A Giant.	L.

F.		
<i>Frig</i> ,	Dance.	<i>Liffy</i> , The River runs
<i>Frap</i> ,	A Stroak.	through <i>Dublin</i> .
<i>Frapping</i> ,	Beating.	<i>Lusk</i> , A Town in <i>Fingaul</i> .
		<i>Lough Erin</i> } Two Lakes
		<i>Lough Neagh</i> } in Ireland.

G.		M.
<i>Gad</i> ,	A With.	<i>Macham</i> , A Game at Cards.
<i>Gay</i> ,	Handsome,	<i>Madege</i> , A Skein.
<i>Garrane</i> ,	Horse.	<i>Mander</i> , Dally.
<i>Gamsboge</i> ,	Game, Sport.	<i>Magen</i> , Margery.
<i>Godeen</i> ,	Staff, Pole.	<i>Mackillmone</i> , Song, <i>Cronaan</i> .
<i>Guddi-hang</i> ,	Fit for no-	<i>Mustard</i> , Cudgel.
thing but the Gallows.		<i>Medgar</i> , A hollow square
		piece of Wood, to drink
		out of.

H.	
<i>Hay</i> ,	<i>Irisb-Hay</i> , a Dance.
<i>Hut</i> ,	Cabbin.
	<i>Monaghan</i> , Clowns,
	Inhabitants of the Coun-
	ty of <i>Monaghan</i> .
	<i>Nees</i> .

The Table.

N. Shamroge, 3 leav'd Grass.
 Shannon, A River.
 Nees, Entes, Entas. Swords, A Town in Fingaul.
 O. Spole, OF Park.
 Oge, Young. Spole, A Thorn.
 Strink-an, Old man.
 Strowan, A Three-corner'd Jigg.
 Oatmeal-Cake.

P. Padreen, Pater-Noster.
 Padreen, Patrick.
 Portlathrin, A Dance.
 Rory, Roger.
 Tuffoge, Fart.
 Tronfes, Breeches.

S. Wolt, Lash.
 Sybilla, Y.
 Fetter'd, Heart.
 Despair, Talk.

~~Shela, Sybilla, Fetter'd, Despair, Talk, Heart.~~

FINIS.